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THE UTILITY OF SPIRITUALISM.—AN ANSWER
TO THE QUESTION, *CUI BONO*?*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE question that is put to us more frequently than any other in reference to Spiritualism is, "What is the good of it?" On all hands, whenever the subject is spoken of, people cry out, "*Cui bono*?" "Admitting for the sake of argument," say they, "that it is true, still I don't see the use of it. The whole affair of tilting tables and rapping on articles of furniture is both trivial in its character and useless in its results; I don't therefore see why I should trouble myself about it." This is certainly not a rational mode of argument, but still it is so common that it requires to be dealt with. "When," says William Howitt, "people beginning to believe the fact ask us what is its use, they ask a platitude, because a fact has essentially its use, though we may not be able to detect it. Who has yet discovered the use of a flea, a musquito, a lion, or a deadly serpent? yet undoubtedly they have each their uses in the divine ordination of things. Let us satisfy ourselves that anything is a fact, and we may rest satisfied that it has its pre-ordained use." The real question that should first be discussed in connection with the subject is, Is Spiritualism true? and that settled, its utility may be left to take care of itself. It can hardly be worth while to argue about the utility of a thing unless it has been first shown to be true. The facts of Spiritualism should be considered before anything else; if these cannot be established, then the matter ends, and the whole thing may be allowed to

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drop; but if the facts can be proved beyond the possibility of doubt, their utility will some day, depend upon it, be made clear and plain.

This cry of *Cui bono?* that is heard whenever and wherever a new discovery is brought to light, is one of the natural results of the utilitarian spirit of the age. We have ceased to seek for truth; what we now look for most earnestly is utility. We ask not what is true but what is useful. The *summum bonum* of modern society is something that can be turned to profitable account—that is, something that can be made to realise wealth. Money is the be-all and end-all of human existence in the nineteenth century, and whatever cannot be made subservient to this purpose is held to be of no value. The materialistic philosophy has crushed out all vitality from our national existence, and the love of gold has destroyed every noble aspiration, every act of self-sacrifice for the good of others and everything like real disinterested benevolence for the benefit of one's fellows. A great discovery in science, a new truth in philosophy, a splendid work of genius, a mighty achievement in mechanical art, are all judged of as to their commercial value, and prized in proportion to their power to bring wealth to their owner. This is indicative of a terribly low order of mind, yet the fact is, alas! too common. Utilitarianism is the supreme philosophy of the age and its influence is felt in all the affairs of life. By utilitarianism I do not mean simply the ethical system known by that name, as enunciated by Jeremy Bentham, and so ably elaborated by the late John Stuart Mill, but the more commonplace habit of testing all things by their usefulness, using that term in its lowest and most materialistic sense. Not that I have any sympathy with the utilitarianism of Mill. It appears to me to be false in theory, and objectionable in practice. It completely ignores God, soul, and conscience, and passing over the dictates and promptings of one's inner nature, seeks to establish a system of morality based upon the external results of one's actions, the consequence of which would be that what is moral in one age may be immoral in another, and that an act which would be virtuous in one place may be vicious elsewhere. No, there is a standard of morals far higher than this, a principle springing out of the operation of soul, and which shows that the moral laws are laws of God, and as such are eternal and unchanging. Besides, to say that the morality of an act should be tested by its results on society is to propose a philosophy which is useless because impossible to be acted upon, since the consequences of an act cannot be known until after the act has been committed, whereas the moral law to be of any value must be in operation before, so as to prompt to do, or restrain from doing,

according to the nature of the act under consideration. The utilitarianism of the age, however, that shouts, *Cui bono?* whenever a new truth is brought to light, and bawls itself hoarse in crying out, What's the good of it? whenever it sees something not recognised in the commonplace philosophy of the multitude, is of a far lower order than that of Bentham and Mill. The one is simply a phase of the materialistic, money-grubbing spirit of the times, that cares for nought that cannot be made subservient to the accumulation of wealth and the increase of selfishness; whilst the other does put forth at least some pretensions to being a philosophical system, and dealing with principles in the abstract.

Spiritualism is declared to be not only useless but absurd, in consequence of the puerile character of the phenomena connected with it. "Nothing can be more preposterous," say its opponents, "than the idea that spirits should come from the other world for the purpose of knocking over our chairs, rapping on our tables, smashing our crockery, tearing our clothes, pulling our hair, throwing about articles of furniture, and occasionally floating human beings in the air. What can possibly be the good of all this?" they ask, with a curl of contempt upon the lip, and a look of defiant scorn upon the countenance. "Surely departed spirits have some better occupation than engaging in such puerilities! and if not, the prospect of the next world being an improvement upon this is a very poor one." These people always overlook the fact that departed spirits are human beings, with human feelings, human passions, human dispositions, and human habits. No one denies that there are many persons in the present state who do constantly engage—and feel a pleasure in doing so—in occupations and pursuits of a not very exalted character, and it would be difficult to give any reason why such predilections should not be retained hereafter. Death removes a man to a different sphere, but clearly leaves his individuality intact. The inhabitants of the future world vary in their habits, inclinations, and desires, as men do here, or they would cease to be human beings.

They come,
The denizens of other worlds, arrayed
In diverse form and feature, mostly lovely :
In limb and wing ethereal, finer far
Than an ephemeris' pinion ; others, armed
With gleaming plumes, that might o'ercome an air
Of adamantyne denseness, pranked with fire.
All are of different offices and strengths,
Powers, orders, tendencies, in like degrees
As men, with even more variety ;
Of different glories, duties, and delights.
Even as the light of meteor, satellite,
Planet and comet, sun, star, nebula,
Differ, and nature also, so do theirs.

After all, however, the so-called trivial acts of the spirits should be judged of, not by the mode employed to convey the message, but by the value of the message itself. Of what possible consequence can it be what agents are made use of for the purpose of transmitting a communication, so long as the communication itself is just what was wanted? We have to do not so much with the mere raps on the table, as with the message which comes through the raps, and the agents by whom they are produced. If a friend at a distance send to me a communication by telegraph of a most important nature, I never stop to complain of the childish character of the tapping caused by the motion of the instrument; and if I did everyone would consider me a fool; but I look at once at the message brought, and this I welcome for the news which it imparts to me. Yet to a man who saw for the first time an electric or magnetic telegraph at work, the whole thing would appear equally absurd with the rappings of spirits on a table to those who have taken no trouble to investigate the phenomena.

This same question of *Cui bono?* has been proposed in the past with regard to almost every discovery that has been made in the various branches of science. In reference to natural history, these utilitarians might inquire with some apparent reason on their side, what can be the use of dissecting butterflies and arranging beetles? What's the good of it all? Why should one waste one's time in so absurd a pursuit? Fortunately, however, those who are devoted to science take no heed of such dull money-grubbing pieces of mechanism—men with no soul above a cash-box, and with no aspirations higher than a banker's draft. Could anything be more absurd from the point of view taken by such persons than to see a man of education, of culture and refinement, sitting down on the grass breaking stones with a hammer, for the purpose of looking inside them? "Why, the man's surely mad," they would exclaim; "what can possibly be his object in digging down into the earth, collecting stones and old pieces of broken bones, and carrying them away as though they were nuggets of gold? What an occupation, to be sure, for an intelligent man!" Yet what has been the result of the labours of scientific geologists—men who have not considered it beneath them to break stones, hunt up fossils, and walk about with the implements in their hands or pockets by which they have carried on their work? They have penetrated into the interior of the earth, examined the various strata, and thus discovered the fossil remains of animals and plants that existed in the ages that rolled by when no human historian lived to pen the mighty transactions of nature and creation, and hand them down to future generations. By this

means Nature was seen to have been her own historian, unfolding by geological science the wondrous changes that took place on the earth we inhabit millions of ages before man appeared upon the scene, and concerning which, therefore, we must have for ever remained in ignorance but for the men whose pursuit was so contemptible in the eyes of those who are continually shouting *Cui bono?* The same remarks would apply to chemistry, and to almost every other branch of science. More than five hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era there lived at Miletus, one of the most flourishing of the Greek colonies, a philosopher named Thales, who, in addition to founding one of the schools of Greek philosophy, elevated himself into a position second to none of the great speculative minds of ancient times. He stands out in bold relief to the myriads of men who were his contemporaries, or who have come after him, and hence he justly became classified with the sages of Greece, and considered one of the seven wise men to whom that title has been applied. This man was a metaphysician, a moralist, and the father of Greek philosophy, and therefore a man of no ordinary intellect. On one occasion he accidentally discovered that on rubbing a piece of amber it became possessed of the power of attracting towards itself feathers or other light bodies. Now what could be more contemptible to our *Cui bono* philosophers than the sight of one of Greece's foremost men engaged in the childish occupation of rubbing pieces of amber for the purpose of watching afterwards how they would attract feathers? What puerile tomfoolery, to be sure! Why, table-rapping is sublime compared with it. Yet this very trivial amusement laid the foundation for a science that few men will now under-rate; a science that owes its very name to this circumstance, electricity being derived from *ἤλεκτρον*, the Greek word for amber. Many centuries afterwards we came across another man, also one of the few of whom humanity must feel proud, having elevated himself from the position of a journeyman printer into one of the foremost men of his time, Benjamin Franklin. How do we find this man engaged? Why, in flying kites during a thunderstorm, with a view to establish, as he averred, the identity of lightning and electricity. Could anything be more absurd? Why didn't he play at marbles, or trundle a hoop, or engage in some other childish sport? the utilitarians exclaimed. But, said the philosopher, I may perhaps be able to prove the identity of electricity and lightning. The utilitarians only laughed, and exclaimed *Cui bono?*—just as do the representatives of the same genus to-day in reference to table-turning. Suppose you do, what's the good of it all? Ay, what has been the good of it all? Thales attracting feathers

with a piece of amber, and Franklin flying his electric kite—what have these puerilities resulted in? I need not answer, since you are all perfectly well aware. They were the means of making known one of the grandest sciences that man up to the present time has become acquainted with; a science by means of which we can communicate almost instantaneously with our friends in the remotest parts of the earth, and by means of which the dream of Shakspeare's *Puck* has been more than realized—

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

Let us therefore hear no more talk about the puerilities of table-turning or spirit-rapping—

Think nought a trifle though it small appear :
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

The movement is still in its infancy, the end cannot yet be foreseen. The greatest results ever known to man will, in all probability, hereafter spring from it, and even at the present it has accomplished far more than its opponents imagine. If, however, the question of *Cui bono?* be still pressed, as it doubtless will be by many who are greater adepts in sneering than in investigating; who care more for utility than for truth; and who have no eyes for anything but the present in its plainest and most matter-of-fact garb, I will endeavour to show of what use Spiritualism has already been.

1.—IT PROVES THAT MAN POSSESSES A SPIRITUAL NATURE. 'Tis quite true that, long before Modern Spiritualism was heard of, the great mass of mankind believed that they possessed powers which did not owe their origin to the matter of which their bodies were composed; but it must not be forgotten that in recent times this faith had considerably declined. On every hand materialism, like a dark cloud, has hovered over our race, shutting out the beams of the bright sun of Truth, and hiding the light of heaven from men's eyes. Atheism is openly advocated both through the press and in public lectures, and great numbers of persons have been more or less influenced by its teachers. Science has very largely allied itself with the materialistic philosophy, and day by day scepticism has widened the bounds of its operation. Under these circumstances, therefore, any new fact which is calculated to bring back the minds of men to a higher degree of spirituality should be hailed with joy by all who prize the truth of the spiritual nature of man. Shadows and black clouds have hemmed us in on all hands, and there are few of us who have not experienced the suffocating atmosphere of the theories that would choke the noblest part of

our nature and leave us in the condition of brute beasts, with no hope in the future, and no over-ruling Providence in the present. The rose which blossomed yesterday and sent its perfume upwards to the clear, blue sky, gladdening with its beneficent odour all who came within the circle of its influence, is to day layed low in the dust, its beauty, its form, and all the powers with which it was wont to charm, destroyed for ever; the noble tree in the forest, whose foliage has been spread out to catch the sun of a hundred summers, and whose sturdy form has withstood the winds of an equal numbers of winters, may fall to-morrow, and leave behind no vestige of its former grandeur. And the human race appeared to be fast coming to believe that the same, or a similar fate, was in store for man, that he, too, would pass away at death to be no more seen. Vestiges of the old faith would doubtless remain for many ages to come, but its power had largely departed, and it had ceased to afford the consolation that had sprung from it in days of yore. The age has become bent upon commerce; and money-getting forms the chief occupation of mankind. The struggle for wealth is now so terrible that good men cannot look at the perpetual scramble for gold, where one man jostles another and tramples him in the mire regardless of all save his own self interest, without actual alarm. The very heart appears to be eaten out of society, and the community to have become rotten to its core.

Gone the spirit-quickenning leaven
Faith in God, in hope, in heaven,
All that warmed the heart of old,
Nothing nobler, nothing higher
Than the unappeased desire—
The quenchless thirst for gold.

Modern Spiritualism has largely tended to improve this state of things. It has taught and demonstrated that man has other wants than those of the body, higher needs than those furnished by the appetites, and a nature that no amount of wealth or the worldly goods that it procures can satisfy. It has shown mankind in this materialistic age that there is "a spirit in man," and that its longings must not lie neglected, nor its faculties remain uncultivated. It has aided to bring up from the depths of his nature those faint indications of Spirituality so long buried beneath the lumber of modern opinion, and so nearly stifled by the every-day habits of these degenerate times. I mean no disparagement to religion, since I have no doubt whatever that her mission is a far higher one than that of Spiritualism—more full, more noble, more comprehensive, and with far loftier ends in view—but then all must admit who have paid any attention to the subject, that religion has greatly lost her hold upon the

modern mind, owing to the very causes that I have just described. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," is a truth that we have on Divine authority, and in modern days mammon-worship has reached a degree of perfection never seen before. The consequence of this is that the mind becomes first partially closed against any spiritual truth, and then in a fitting condition for becoming sceptical. All subtle, gentle, and heavenly agencies are by this means shut out of the thoughts; and the entire mind speedily becomes bent in the direction of materialism. When this condition has been reached, it requires something to come with all the force of demonstration, and with the power of the evidence of sense to bring it back to its pristine and higher state. This want Spiritualism supplied. The harmonies in the inner depths of human nature have long been slumbering; the heart's hidden chords have remained untouched, and the sweet spiritual music that was wont in days gone by to fill the soul with heavenly rapture, has long been silent. Something was, therefore, needed to call these powers again into play, and that something we have in the spiritual manifestations of modern days.

Man has a spiritual nature, as every age has testified by occasional outcomings of the mysterious powers that lie locked in the human soul, but to-day the tendency is strongly to deny them, and to sneer at everything that is calculated to develop and make them manifest. That which erst was a truth full of most significant meaning, is now a silly and absurd superstition, only regarded by the ignorant and weak-minded. The facts of the past—facts as stubborn and as well attested as the existence of the men themselves—are now looked upon as being fictions, only to be believed in by children and fools.

A miracle has been declared impossible, and mystery a thing to be shunned, as though we could get rid of either, or escape from the tremendous influence that they throw over Society, Humanity is beset with mystery, and full of miracle, and he who denies this truth knows little of human nature.

Man walks in fear and sleeps in mystery—
All that our senses feed on, only seems
Stretched o'er the door-sill of eternity,
Our dreams are wakening, and our wakening dreams.

The sad experience of our riper age,
A shadow lengthening as the sun goes down;
Nature herself, for every open page,
Some leaf forbidden folds with mystic frown.

Between the chalk-marks of a childish game
Our footsteps stray or stumble, reel or dance;
A step to Folly, or a step to Fame,
Planted mid graves—the mocking umpire Chance.

Presentiments and strange antipathies
 Fantastic trip the heels of sober thought;
 Quaint elves, trim Reason's eccentricities,
 Pluck frowning wisdom by the beard unsought,—

Unsought, as omens on life's daily road
 That only opens to our onward tread;
 Whereon each, ever, sinks with weary load—
 His brief stage o'er—the rest, untravellèd.

The spiritual nature of man is apparent in the entire history of the past. It is only the present that denies it, and in its sceptical arrogance raises its haughty soul against God, hoping by such means to shut out the glorious light of the truth of heaven. Anything that is calculated to bring back to the race a higher degree of spirituality, to cause men to look into their own souls, and discover those hidden powers so long dormant, and awaken to activity the latent forces so long inactive, must prove of the very greatest benefit to mankind. This we hold that the modern spiritual manifestations rightly understood are calculated to do, and to do most effectually.

2.—IT DEMONSTRATES THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN. Nothing can be more necessary in these modern days than to bring back to man a knowledge of his immortal nature. So completely has this been lost sight of in many minds that even where it is not disbelieved it is utterly disregarded. Large numbers of mankind live but to eat and drink, and hoard up wealth, giving no thought to the world beyond the tomb, and bestowing no care on the everlasting inheritance upon which they must some day enter. Practical Atheism reigns where theoretical Atheism would be rejected with scorn. Men who profess to believe in God and immortality give the lie to their faith by their conduct, and show by their every act that nothing but the present state has the slightest hold upon their affections. And then there are great numbers who openly boast that they have no knowledge, and can have none, of the life after death, and that consequently all they have to care for are the things of this world. Secularism, as it is called, declares that the future state cannot be demonstrated, and that therefore all that is said respecting it is simply idle speculation unworthy of being heeded by sensible men. Religion does not reach these men. Christianity is preached to them in vain; argument is powerless with them; logic a weapon for which they care not more than for the whistling of the wind. You may talk to them until you are hoarse, they will only laugh at you, and demand some satisfactory proof, the proof required being demonstration. Nothing less will satisfy them, and this has not hitherto been forthcoming. The old arguments that did duty in days gone by are powerless now, since science has completely changed the aspect of human

nature. Books on the immortality of the soul which a hundred years ago were thought to conclusively settle the question in the affirmative, are antiquated and out of date, since the arguments employed do not touch the real point at issue. Demonstration must be had, or no good can be done. Now where can this be obtained? Until the modern spiritual manifestations appeared, nowhere, and the result was that materialism remained with no power capable of grappling with her successfully. Here, then, Spiritualism has accomplished a result the value of which it is impossible to over-estimate. Thousands of sceptics have been converted to a belief in the great doctrine of immortality by these means, which no other kind of evidence could reach, and who, therefore, but for these apparently puerile phenomena would, in all probability, have lived and died in a state of unbelief. Assuredly this is a good which of itself should answer most satisfactorily the question, *Cui bono?* The state of mind of the unbeliever is one of a most lamentable character. It is full of painful uncertainty and doubt, with frequent anxious desire to have the problem solved that ever and anon presses, if not on his intellect, at least upon his heart. Probably no human being can escape the terrible question which will sometimes—in his moments of quietude and repose, in the hour of fearful trial and sorrow, in the day when temptation weighs down the soul, and when black clouds seem to envelope his entire inmost self in their dark folds—rise up and demand to be answered, “What is my fate after death?” No amount of unbelief can altogether smother this; no scepticism can shut it out; no ridicule stifle it; and no arguments in favour of materialism entirely dispel it. You may drive it away for a time, but back it will come again unbidden in moments when it is little expected, and still less desired. It will rush into the soul with such tremendous force that all else will sink into abeyance before its terrible power, and its persistent demand to be answered.

Mr. Sears, in his book on *Regeneration*—a most delightful little volume, that ought to be widely circulated and carefully read—admirably remarks on this subject: “Even the hardest unbelief has those doubts and misgivings which come from the angel-voices that will not quite be driven out, or from that Divine Word which shineth in the darkness, though the darkness comprehendeth it not. Those who thought they had convinced themselves that the eternal Past and the eternal Future were regions of blank nothingness, and the questions Whence? and Whither? no other than if you shouted into a chasm, have found that some new experience opened unknown depths within them, and brought new faculties into exercise, and then beyond the chasm the Delectable Mountains rise clearly on the sight.

Unbelief is seldom satisfied with its creed of denials, so that through its regions of desolation the pilgrim often travels to the most unshaken ground of his faith. How could this be, unless a spiritual world were already acting upon his spiritual nature? How could the spiritual faculties awake, whether they would or no, and give out the Memnon sounds, unless smitten with beams from other worlds, and made responsive to unearthly melodies? If the light comes not to bless and to save, it will come at awful intervals, like flashes of lightning at midnight, to make the darkness visible. Perhaps there is not a more significant passage in religious literature than the suppressed passage of Mr. Hume, where he describes the influence of his speculations. He surveys the habitation which, with infinite logical skill, he has builded about him, and he starts with horror at sight of the gloomy and vacant chambers: 'I am astonished and affrighted at the forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look about I see on every side dispute, contradiction, and distraction. When I turn my eyes inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, and what? From what causes do I derive existence, and to what condition do I return? I am confounded with these questions, and I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed in the deepest darkness.' The desolation and the emptiness are seen and felt, but they could not have been except in contrast with a light too early lost, or by some star not yet gone down in the sky." The longing for immortality is so great in most men's minds, that, in our toils, our troubles, and misfortunes, we seem always inclined to cry out—

Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So that, standing on some pleasant lea,
I might have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.

Yet with all this there comes up before the mind of the sceptic the cold materialistic philosophy of the age, and the prevalent disbelief in the great doctrine of immortality, until the mind is perplexed with anxious doubtings, and a terrible suspense is the result. Happiness can have no place in a mind in such a condition, and peace—true, genuine peace must remain a thing far apart. No man knows better what this state of mind is than I do, having had many years' bitter experience of the doubts and uncertainties which it involves. To be, as the poet says,

Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.

and yet not to feel able to recognize the Divine in Nature and the spiritual in man, is a condition which is easier felt than described. Gleams of light occasionally shooting through the dense dark-

ness, serving only to make the darkness afterwards more intense; a few drops of rain on the parched and dried up ground, the sight of food to the hungry, or water placed before the eyes as though to mock the vision of him who is dying of thirst, are similes which but faintly shadow forth the state of mind of the sceptic.

Oh! how this tyrant doubt torments my breast!
My thoughts, like birds, who frightened from their nest,
Around the place where all was hushed before,
Flutter and hardly nestle any more.

What then is to be done in such a case? From what source can satisfaction be obtained? How are those doubts to be removed? Where is the solution of the problem to be found? By what means can evidence—not argument—be procured? I demand of those whose chief business it is to reply to these queries, what they would do in such a case? The answer is to be found in the history of the past, they have done nothing, and consequently scepticism and unbelief still prevail.

Now, spiritual manifestations, insignificant as they may appear, trifling as they may seem, childish as some may be imagined, have settled for ever the question of man's immortality, have demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is a life beyond the tomb, to which all human kind are hastening. The clouds are dispelled, the storm is cleared away, the winds have ceased to blow, the rain to fall, the sun shines again, and a calm, to be never more interrupted, is settled on the soul. Now can we realize to the full the sublime and heart-cheering words of Fichte:—"The world of nature, on which but now I gazed with wonder and admiration, sinks before me. With all its abounding life and order and bounteous increase, it is but the curtain which hides one infinitely more perfect—the germ from which that other shall develop itself. My faith pierces through this veil, and broods over and animates this germ. It sees, indeed, nothing distinctly; but it expects more than it can conceive, more than it will ever be able to conceive, until time shall be no more." The bright summer-land appears in view, the golden gates of heaven are partially opened, the black curtain is thrown back, and a glimpse is obtained of what lies on the other side of the great river of death. All man's noblest aspirations are realised and his intensest longings satisfied. There, in the "glorious realms of light," are to be seen the bright denizens of the Hereafter occupied as we shall be in but a little time, if we are faithful to the great trust thus committed to our charge.

A countless host of great and lovely shapes :
They stood in deepest silence looking down
With reverential lowliness, like such

Who utter inward prayer : on one knee then ..
 Sank gracefully ; and, lifting up their eyes,
 With faces radiant as the rising sun,
 And voices such as round the throne of heaven
 Sing sweetest ; mellow as the softest tone
 Of plaintive nightingale, in the deep calm
 Of summer's midnight breathing from the woods ;
 Yet powerful each as the tumultuous sea,
 Or shouts of meeting armies, thus they sang :—
 Praises to Him, all bountiful, all good,
 Creator of all beauty, all delight—
 The Infinite, the everlasting God—
 The One Pure Spirit.

3.—IT BRINGS THE CONSOLATION OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION. A modern writer has remarked very truthfully and very beautifully, "Storms purify the air we breathe. Rains that rust the corn revive the grass. The refuse of the yard makes the peach and pear grow more luxuriantly. Stars that fade from our skies only pass to illumine other portions of the sidereal heavens. The dewdrops that glisten in morning-time from million plants are only exhaled by sun-kisses, to form clouds in aërial regions, to fall in copious showers, gladdening the earth, while moving on in rills and rivers to the ocean again. Nothing is lost. Our beloved ones, whom the world calls dead, have only passed to the summer land before us, to return again as ministering angels." As ministering angels: aye, there is the main consolation of Spiritualism. In this it is that its powerful value consists. To the bereaved one whose very heartstrings are snapped by the intense grief that he has experienced in the wresting away from him of the one being upon whom his affections were fixed, and with whom his very soul was entwined so intimately that they appeared to have become as one, this much-despised Spiritualism brings joy unspeakable. It pours into his soul a flood of sunshine, where everything was dark before, and gives him back all that he thought he had lost. Death, with its grim and ghastly terrors, loses more than half its power, and the wide yawning gulf between this world and the next, into which had fallen so many sighs and tears and groans, becomes bridged over, and the land of light and beauty not only appears in view, but its bright inhabitants cross and re-cross the river without the aid of old Charon and his boat, bringing with them to earth the sweet fragrance of the flowers that bloom in the angelic country that lies beyond the confines of material things. The shadow passes away from the valley of Death; the glorious light of day—eternal day—shines into its repulsive precincts, and we see the way clearly to the better land on the other side. Angelic hosts attune their music to the songs of earth, heavenly sounds reach our ears, and there

falls upon our startled vision sights which fill the soul with rapture.

Oh hearts that never cease to yearn !
 Oh brimming tears that ne'er are dried !
 The dead, though they depart, return ♦
 As if they had not died !

The living are the only dead ;
 The dead live—never more to die ;
 And often when we mourn them fled,
 They never were so nigh.

It is impossible to over-estimate the glorious privilege of which we in our latter days are made the happy recipients. All knowledge, all science, all earthly greatness fade into insignificance before the glorious light of this one great truth, that the dead are with us still, cheering us in our lonely path through life, watching over us with loving care, frequently protecting us in the hours of danger, and doing their best to direct us into the paths of duty and of truth. Nor let it be thought that here we ascribe too much praise to, and place too much dependence on, created spirits, and thus lose sight of the Father of all spirits. No, far be it from us to do this. In all we do not fail to behold the loving hand of God, by whose goodness and mercy these blessings have been vouchsafed to us, and who sends the bright denizens of the other world on errands of mercy and love to His erring children on earth. In the light of Spiritualism we can realize, as we never did before, the meaning of that beautiful passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, where, speaking of these very messengers of heavenly truth, the writer says, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Milton wrote long since of God's "winged messengers" sent on errands of "supernal grace," and in these modern much despised phenomena, puerile and insignificant as they may appear, we have the realization of the grand and heart-inspiring truth.

Modern Spiritualism teaches us that not only are those who have passed away not dead, in the sense in which that term is usually employed, but that they still take an interest in the concerns of those that they left behind, and still cling closely in the bonds of affection to those they loved on earth. Their interest in the present world—that is, in the spiritual condition of the present world—does not fade out when they pass the dark river, but continues to manifest itself according to the good purpose of God, from the other side, sending blessings across to the old land which was once for a short time their dwelling place. "Man," says a well-known author, "stands on the verge of the two worlds, and must ever, therefore, be deeply interested in their bearing and connection with each

other, and I believe it is only a lapse into the grosser and more material state of being that can annihilate that interest." The truth of this must be apparent to every thinking mind, and the more he reflects upon the relationship to be found between these two worlds, the more he sees that after all they are but one, and that the existence of man is but suddenly and abruptly broken at death, not continued into the heavenly country where the changes that he undergoes enable him to realise to the full the glorious blessings of spirituality—but does not sever him from those he so much loved on earth. Longfellow most beautifully and graphically depicts the nearness of us to the dead whose material bodies have long, long ago mingled with the dust of the earth.

All houses wherein men have lived and died,
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.
There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall,
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.
The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;
He but perceives what is, while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.
We have no title deeds to house or lands;
Owners or occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.
The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.
Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires:
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
The perturbations, the perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of that unseen star—
That undiscovered planet in our sky.
And as the moon, from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night;
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

This "bridge of light" connecting the future world with the present, Spiritualism has made clear and palpable; not that it had not been seen before, since through all the ages some men have been alive to its presence, but now its manifestation is so plain that none who take the trouble to seek for it can fail to discern its heavenly arches and to hear the sound of the ethereal footsteps of the beings by whom it is daily traversed.

Spiritualism recognizes essentially the fact that love, affection, wisdom, goodness, and in fact all the qualities of the human mind, are eternal; and, indeed, that this must be so is clear, from the nature of mind itself. If it be impossible to destroy an atom of matter, how much greater must be the impossibility that mind or any of its attributes can ever cease to exist. This is so true that it would probably not be for one moment doubted by any person who believes in the immortality of the soul. But then there is more involved in it than would at first sight appear. If the affections that have been cultivated during the earthly lifetime of the individual, the deep heartfelt love that a man feels for his wife, or the mother for her child—affections pure and holy as any of which the human soul is capable—be eternal, then it is certain that the objects upon which these affections are placed will be brought as near as possible to the one who bestows upon them such deep, intense devotion. Whether the two beings thus loving and being loved, exist together in this world or another, or whether the one has passed from earth away while the other still remains to work out the rest of its destiny in this sublunary sphere, separation spiritually will become an impossibility. A man roaming in distant lands, separated from those who are all in all to him on earth, by tracts of country, wide as any our world possesses, or by thousands of miles of "old ocean's grey and solitary waste," is always said, in the language of earth to be with them in spirit. What does this mean but that the deepest felt thought of his heart, his intensest affections, the most ardent outgoings of his soul are there, not confined and cabined within the material limits of his mortal frame, but extending themselves to the spot, however far distant it may be, where is to be met with all that he loves on earth. Now, suppose that soul freed at once from the clog of its material body and placed in a position in which its relations to time and space are entirely different to what they had been before, and where no expanse, however great, of ocean, land, or air, can present any further obstacles to its movement, it is not difficult to imagine the result.

The highest of all authorities has said that "where the treasure is there will the heart be also," and this is true in a secondary sense of the love for other human souls, as well as in

that higher and diviner sense in which it was meant to convey its principal lesson of love to God and the things of heaven. Gravitation of the soul of man towards the things or beings that it loves most intensely is as much a law—an irresistible law—as the falling of a stone to the earth. The result of all this must be, that the soul which has escaped from its material tenement will still cling with an affection, rendered all the deeper, purer, and more refined by the change, to those who had been bound up with it by the strong ties of devotion and love, during its earthly career. To be near those we love, in spirit, when spirit is all, is surely to be entirely there, and hence were there no fact in the history of the world in favour of the doctrine of the communion of the so-called dead with the inhabitants of earth, the principle might still be established by an irresistible *à priori* argument. But when there is added to this, the fact that in all ages and in all countries these manifestations have occurred more or less, an argument is established which no science can overturn, no scepticism destroy, and no amount of ridicule lessen the value of, or diminish.

Spirit-communion upon the very principle which I have just laid down necessarily brings to man one of the highest sources of consolation which it is possible for him to receive. Where is the mother whose child has passed away from her at a period now far back in the past—the child which she fondled and caressed so lovingly, whose dying couch was watered by her tears, whose little grave where its material body was deposited is periodically visited by her as a sort of holy shrine, and whose very playthings are treasured up as sacred relics of days that bring back such sweet recollections—who would not feel all the happier for knowing that the loved one still lived and lingered near her, forming an unseen member of the family group, and exercising in the domestic circle in which it first made its appearance on earth an influence for good? The mother who passed away leaving her children to shift in the dreary world, with poverty and cares and trials to oppress them, could only bring to her orphan offspring an unspeakable happiness by a knowledge on their part that she had not really died, that all in her that was loveable, fond and true, had not only survived the interment of that material framework in which she once appeared, in the cold, damp grave, but that she still watched over them, cared for them, warned them of danger, and protected them from harm and wrong. We might extend this argument into every relationship of life, but it is needless. If Spiritualism be true, it is one of the grandest truths that has ever been made known in the history of the world; and the question *Cui Bono?* is one which can only be put by a

man who has never bestowed five minutes' thought on the subject, or by one utterly destitute of natural affection.

The phenomena may be puerile, the manifestations trifling and insignificant, but the purpose is the grandest that human thought can conceive. The denizens of the spirit-world come back to earth to teach mankind a lesson of love, goodness, and truth; they see things in the full light of day which we can only look at obscured by clouds and darkness. They have partaken of the blessings of the great Hereafter, and they come back to give us a foretaste of what also is in store for us. Their influence upon mundane affairs is larger than we think or know. And when the time shall come that it shall be our turn to join their ranks, we shall be all the better prepared for entering on our new abode by the communings that we had held with them in our sojourn on earth.

When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,
 Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,
 Perchance among those vast mysterious spheres,
 Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each
 Familiar with its children—learn their laws,
 And share their state, and study and adore
 The infinite varieties of bliss
 And beauty, by the hand of power divine
 Lavished on all its works. Eternity
 Shall thus roll on with ever fresh-delight;
 No pause of pleasure or improvement; world
 On world still opening to the instructed mind
 An unexhausted universe, and time
 But adding to its glories; while the soul
 Advancing ever to the source of light
 And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns,
 In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

HYMNS FOR THE SPIRITUAL CHURCH.

GETHSEMANE.

WHEN with sad fears distress,
 The heart is with care opprest,
 In Thee may we find our rest.
 Thy will be done!

Dark though the night may be,
 And Thy hand we cannot see,
 Confiding, we cling to Thee.
 Thy will be done!

When deeper the shadows grow,
 And our strength is laid low,
 Though tears as of blood may flow;
 Thy will be done!

In the soul's fiercest agony,
 O Father, we call on Thee!
 In every Gethsemane
 Thy will be done!

Ere the night melt away
 Into the dawning day,
 Let this be the prayer we say—
 Thy will be done!

Through all Eternity
 Still will we trust in Thee,
 Ever our thought shall be—
 Thy will be done!

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM AMONG UNCULTURED PEOPLES
COMPARED WITH MODERN SPIRITUALISM.*

BY C. STANILAND WAKE.

WHETHER what is known as Modern Spiritualism is true or false, it must have an equal influence on those who believe it to be true. As being, then, influential for good or for evil over the lives of thousands of people, its phenomena are deserving of most careful attention. For the same reason, the analogous phenomena which have been from time to time observed among uncultured peoples are also worthy of study. There is little doubt that nearly everything which has been done by modern Spiritualists has been performed from time immemorial by the Shamons, or sorcery doctors, of the Turanian and allied tribes of the American and African continents. The two great essentials required in either case are the existence of disembodied spirits and mediums through whom they can communicate with man. As to the former, I much doubt whether there is any race of uncivilised men who are not firm believers in the existence of spirits, or ghosts. In most cases, and probably in all originally, these are the spirits of dead men, who are thought, for a time at least, to wander about the scenes of their material life, and occasionally to make their presence known by sounds or by a visible appearance. So great is the dread of ghosts among many of such peoples that they will hardly venture out of their huts after dark, and when any person is compelled to do so he invariably carries a light, although he would not have the slightest difficulty in finding his way without its aid. Nor is the medium wanting among the uncivilised races. The most influential man in the tribe is the sorcery-doctor, except where he is merely a tool in the hands of the chief, and all his influence is due to his supposed control over, or at least communication with, the denizens of the spirit-world. By their aid he is able to bewitch his own enemies or those of the persons who seek the exercise of his supernatural power, and, on the other hand, to discover the origin of the disease under which the sick man is wasting away, and to remove it from him should the spirits be propitious. The sorcery doctor of an African tribe, like the showman of the Mongol, is in fact a very oracle through his supposed power of receiving communications from his immaterial assistants. Moreover, the means by which he becomes *en rapport* with the spirit-world, is exactly the same as that employed by the Spiritualist,

* A Paper read before the London Anthropological Society.

although the mode in which the mediumistic condition is induced may often be very different. Whether arrived at by a process of mesmerism, or by means of a ceremony attended with great physical and mental excitement, or, on the other hand, induced by extreme exhaustion, or whether it is caused by a kind of intoxication, the condition required is the one of trance. The most simple mode of attaining it is probably the *self-mesmerism* of the Zulus of Natal—an intense concentration and abstraction of the mind, giving the clairvoyant faculty. Canon Calloway states that this process of “inner divination” is commonly practised by herd-boys for the purpose of finding cattle which have strayed; and it is even used as a means of escape by those who are threatened with destruction by a jealous chief.

This clairvoyant power, which is intimately connected with Spiritualism, is by some people ascribed to spirit communication. Thus, says Scheffer, among the Laplanders, “when the devil takes a liking to any person in his infancy, he haunts him with several apparitions. . . . Those who are taken thus a second time, see more visions and gain great knowledge. If they are seized a third time they arrive to the perfection of this art, and become so knowing, that without the drum (the magic drum which answers to the tambourine of the Mongol and the rattle of the American Indian), they can see things at the greatest distances, and are so possessed by the devil, that they see them even against their will.” Scheffer adds that on his complaining against a Lapp on account of his drum, the Lapp brought it to him, “and confessed with tears, that though he should part with it, and not make him another, he should have the same visions as formerly;” and he instanced it in the traveller himself, giving him “a true and particular relation” of whatever had happened to him in his journey to Lapland. He complained moreover, that “he knew not how to make use of his eyes, since the things altogether distant were presented to them.” According to Olaus Magnus, the Lapland Shamon “falls into an ecstasy and lies for a short time as if dead; in the meanwhile his companion takes great care that no gnat or other living creature touch him; for his soul is carried by some evil genius to a foreign country, from whence it is brought back with a knife, ring, or some other token of his knowledge of what is done in these parts. After his rising up he relates all the circumstances belonging to the business that was inquired after.”

Among the special Spiritualistic phenomena which are recognised among uncultured people are spirit-rapping, spirit-voices, and the cord unloosening, which, when first exhibited created in England so much astonishment. The last named phenomenon is not unknown to the North American Indians, and is practised

by the Greenlanders and by some of the Siberian Shamons. Thus among the Samoyedes, the Schoman places himself on the ground upon a dry reindeer skin. Then he allows himself to be firmly bound hands and feet. The windows are closed and the Schoman calls upon the spirits, when suddenly a noise is heard in the darkened room. Voices are heard within and outside the court; but upon the dry reindeer skin there is regular rhythmical beating. Bears growl, serpents hiss, and squirrels seem to jump about. At last the noise ceases. The windows are opened and the Schoman enters the court free and unbound. No one doubts that the spirits have made the noise and set the Schoman free, and carried him secretly out of the court."

We have here the noises, voices and rope untying, which are so common in spiritualistic *séances*. These find a still closer parallel in the curious rites of Greenland Shamanism, the object of which is to enable the spirit of the sorcerer to visit heaven or hell as occasion may require. The historian Crantz thus describes the ceremony:—"First the devotee drums awhile, making all manner of distorted figures, by which he enervates his strength and works up his enthusiasm. Then he goes to the entry of the house, and there gets one of his pupils to tie his head between his legs, and his hands behind his back with a string; then all the lamps in the house must be put out, and the windows shut up. For no one must see the interview between him and the spirit; no one must stir, not so much as to scratch his head, that the spirit may not be hindered, or rather that he may not be detected in his knavery. . . . After he has begun to sing, in which all the rest join with him, he begins to sigh and puff and foam with great perturbation and noise, and calls out for his spirit to come to him and has often great trouble before he comes. But if the spirit is still deaf to his cries, and comes not, his soul flies away to fetch him. During this dereliction of his soul he is quiet, but by and by he returns again with shouts of joy, nay with a certain rustling, so that a person who has been several times present assured me that it was exactly as if he heard several birds come flying first over the house, and afterwards into it. But if the Torngak (or spirit) comes voluntarily, he remains without in the entry. There an angekok (or magician) discourses with him about anything that the Greenlanders want to know. Two different voices are distinctly heard, one as without and one as within. The answer is always dark and intricate. The hearers interpret the meaning among themselves, but if they cannot agree in the solution, they beg the torngak to give the angekok a more explicit answer. Sometimes another comes who is not the usual torngak, in which case neither the angekok nor his company understand him. . . . But if this commu-

nication extends still further, he soars aloft with his *torngak* on a long string to the realm of souls, where he is admitted to a short conference with the *Angekut poglit*—i.e., the fat or the famous wise ones—and learns there the fate of his sick patient, or even brings him a new soul back. Or else he descends to the goddess of hell, and sets the enchanted creatures free. But back he comes presently again, cries out terribly, and begins to beat his drum; for, in the meantime, he has found means to disengage himself from his bonds, at least, by the help of his scholars, and then with the air of one quite jaded with his journey, tells a long story of all that he hath seen and heard. Finally, he tunes up a song and goes round, and imparts his benediction to all present by a touch. Then they light up the lamps, and see the poor *angekok wan*, fatigued, and harassed, so that he can scarce speak."

Except that the civilised medium attains to a state of trance without so much excitement, and does not, while in that state, take so distant a journey, the account given by Crantz would almost answer for a description of a spiritual *séance*. Most of the occasions in which the sorcerer is consulted would seem to be cases of sickness. Illness is usually supposed to be caused by the agency of spirits, who are annoyed at something having been done or omitted, and the mission of the sorcerer is to ascertain whether the sick man will live or die, and if the former, what offering must be given to propitiate his tormenters. Among the Zulus, the diviners who eat *impepo* medicine answer in a measure to the Mongolian Shamon, although they do not profess to have intercourse with supernatural agents. This is reserved, apparently, for the diviners having familiar spirits. These people do nothing of themselves, sit quite still, and the answers to the questions put by inquirers are given by voices at a distance from them. Canon Calloway gives two curious instances of this mode of divining. In one of them a young child, belonging to a family from another kraal which had settled in a village of this Amahlongwa, was seized with convulsions, and some young men, its cousins, were sent to consult a woman who had familiar spirits. They found the woman at home, but it was not until they had waited a long time that a small voice proceeding from the roof of the house saluted them. They were, of course, much surprised at being addressed from such a place, but soon a regular conversation was carried on between them and the voices, in the course of which the spirits minutely described the particulars connected with the child's illness—a case of convulsions. They then told the young men "the disease was not properly convulsions, but was occasioned by the ancestral spirits, because they did not approve of them

living in their relative's kraal," and that, on their return home, they were to sacrifice a goat (which was particularly described), and pour its gall over the child, giving it at the same time Itongo medicine. This took place in the daytime, and the woman did nothing but occasionally ask the spirits if they were speaking the truth. "The young men returned home," says Calloway, "sacrificed the goat, poured the gall on the child, plucked for him Itongo medicine, and gave him the expressed juice to drink;" and the child had no return of the convulsions, and is still living. During the interview with the woman, which took place in the daytime, she did nothing but occasionally ask the spirits if they were speaking the truth, and, whatever the explanation of the case, one thing seems certain—the young men had not seen the woman before, as she lived on the coast, a day and a half's journey from them. In the other instance referred to, the ultimate result was not so favourable, as the sickness was not removed, but it was attended with an incident by which we are again reminded of the phenomena of Spiritualism. The spirits promised to dig up and bring to the diviner the secret poison which they said was causing the sickness inquired about. At the time appointed for the poison to be exhibited, the old people assembled in the diviner's hut, and, after arranging themselves in a line at the request of the spirits, they soon heard, first one thing fall on the floor, and then another, until at length each person was told to take up what belonged to him, and throw it into the running stream, when the disease would be carried away. On examining the things "some found their beads which they had lost long ago; some found earth bound up; others found pieces of some old garment; others shreds of something they had worn; all found something belonging to them." In this case, also, the voices came from above; but among some peoples the spirit enters into the body of the diviner, in like manner as with Spiritualistic mediums. This is so in China, where the spirit of the dead talks with the living through the male or female medium, as the case may be—and with all uncultured peoples, in fact, who look upon their priests, or sorcery doctors, as oracles.

There are two phenomena known to Spiritualists which we cannot expect to find among uncultured peoples. One of these, the so-called spirit-writing, has been practised by the Chinese probably from time immemorial, and is effected by means of a peculiarly shaped pen held by two men, and some sand. The presence of the spirit is shown by a slow movement of the point of the pen tracing characters in the sand. After writing a line or two on the sand, the pen ceases to move, and the characters are transferred to paper. After this, if the response is unfinished,

another line is written, and so on, until the pen entirely ceases its motion, which signifies that the spirit of the divinity has taken its departure from the pen. Like the spirit-drawings of modern mediums, the meaning of the figures thus obtained is often very difficult to make out. The other phenomenon is the rising and floating in the air, in which Mr. Home is, or was, so great an adept. This in all ages has been the privilege of the saints, Asiatic or European, Buddhist or Christian, who have attained to a state of spiritual ecstasy.

At the beginning of this paper it was said that, so long as the phenomena of Spiritualism are believed to be true, they have equal influence whether true or false. On the other hand, it must not be thought that, because they are accepted as true by uncultured people, therefore they *are* false, as being merely due to fraud or superstition. To those even who believe in a spirit-world, the question of spirit action in connection with the phenomena is one of the utmost difficulty; and in conclusion I would refer to a possible explanation of the most remarkable of them, which, although not supernatural, will no doubt be thought by some persons more difficult to receive than that of spirit agency itself. It has been noticed that the faces which appear at the openings of the cabinets in which the Spiritualist mediums sit are usually at first, if not ultimately, much like the mediums themselves, and yet it seems to be absolutely impossible, considering how they are secured, that such could be the case. It may, however, only be impossible under the *ordinary* conditions of physical life. If certain phenomena said to have been observed were so in reality, the apparent difficulty is removed. It has frequently been noticed that colouring matter placed on a spirit hand has afterwards been found on the hand or body of the medium. This has been established by experiments tried for the purpose. Further, it is stated that occasionally, when a light has been suddenly struck, a long hand and arm have been seen swiftly drawn in towards the medium. Moreover, the body itself of the medium, absurd as such a thing appears to be, has been seen to elongate, if we are to believe the statement of Mrs. Corner, made through the *Spiritualist*, in connection with the medium, Miss Cook. The familiar spirit of this medium has been seen rising from her body, and some Spiritualists believe that the spirits usually, if not always, rise out of their mediums. In the instance just mentioned the spirit was said to have been visibly connected with the medium by cloudy, faintly luminous threads.

If we accept these statements as true, most of the phenomena of Spiritualism are explainable without reference to the agency of spirits. They would show that the human body must

contain within itself an inner form, be it material or immaterial, which under proper conditions is able to disengage itself either wholly or partly from its outer covering. The spirit hands which appear, and which are able to move heavy weights and convey them long distances through the air, would really be those of the medium. The faces and full-length figures which show themselves, holding conversations, and allowing themselves to be touched, and even permitting their robes to be cut, become the faces and figures of the mediums. This view receives confirmation from the Spiritualist standpoint, from the fact (if such it be), that the doubles of well-known mediums have sometimes been recognised in the presence of the originals, and (seeing that Spiritualists believe the body to be capable of elongation) it is not inconsistent with what has been observed that the spirit-figure is sometimes much taller than the medium. It is consistent, moreover, with the facts, that the distance from the medium within which the spirit-figures can appear is limited, and that if the hands of the medium be held closely *from the first*, many of the manifestations cannot be produced. This point has been insisted upon as proof of imposture, but assuming, for the sake of argument, the truth of what is said as to the human "double," it simply shows how intimately associated are the external covering and the inner form which has to become disengaged to show itself.

While offering this explanation of many of the most important phenomena vouched for by the advocates of Spiritualism, it must be understood that I do so simply to show that such phenomena, according to the evidence of Spiritualists themselves, do not require the intervention of spirit agency. I should not, however, have referred to the subject at all except for its bearing on the past history of mankind. As stated at the beginning of this paper, Spiritism has a marvellous influence over the mind of uncultured man, and it has retained its influence almost unimpaired through most of the phases of human progress. A late French writer, after stating that superstition was supreme in the Roman Empire at the commencement of the Christian era, declares that magic was universally practised, with the object of acquiring, by means of "demons"—the spirits of the dead—power to benefit the person using it, or to injure those who were obnoxious to him. It is thus evident that the phenomena to which the modern term "Spiritualism" has been applied are of great interest to the Anthropologist, and, indeed, of the utmost importance for a right understanding of some of the chief problems with which he has to deal. They constitute an element in the life-history of past generations which cannot be left

out of consideration when their mental and moral condition are being studied; and modern *Spiritualism* may, therefore, be studied with great advantage as a key to what is more properly called *Spiritism*. Not that the former can be considered as an instance of "survival," in the proper sense of this phrase. Apart from such isolated instances as that of Swedenborg, Spiritualism is of quite recent introduction, and it appears to have had no direct connection with its earlier prototype. It is worthy of note, however, that it sprung up among a people who have long been in contact with primitive tribes, over whom Spiritism has always had a powerful influence. It is possible that intermixture of Indian blood with that of the European settlers in North America may have had something to do with the appearance of Spiritualism, which would thus be an example of intellectual reversion, analagous to the physical divergence to the Indian type, which has by some writers been ascribed to the descendants of those settlers. Or the former may be merely a resemblance, instead of a reversion, dependant on the change in the physical organism. In either case it is somewhat remarkable that many of the so-called "spirits," which operate through Spiritualist mediums, claim to have had an American-Indian origin.

RECENT SCIENCE OF LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HITCHMAN, LL.D.

WHETHER we attribute electric action throughout Nature to tensions and pressures in an all-pervading medium, identical with that *spiritual* region in which light, I think, is propagated, or explain every kind of magnetic phenomena according to a previous theory in the last two numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*—certain is it, in my opinion, that electrical particles act on one another directly at a distance, in given conditions, since force, it is admitted by every scientist, may depend on relative velocity, and may therefore not operate instantaneously, but after a time contingent upon remote space, and other relations between Metaphysics and Physics. What Spiritualist, worthy of his high and holy calling, has not observed with joy that splendid series of spectroscopic discoveries by which the very chemistry of heavenly bodies is now brought within the range of scientific inquiry—showing, for example, that in other worlds than ours, in suns, stars, planets innumerable, the distance of which the philosopher can only faintly imagine, as

in the case of nervous *ganglia*, crystals, seeds, stones, trees, or eggs, &c., there are celestial molecules vibrating in the same exact unison with terrestrial molecules, as two tuning-forks tuned to concert pitch, or two watches regulated to solar time in Greenwich Observatory. Haeckel's ANTHROPOGENIE, or natural development of man, is destined to be the battle-field of Biologists in 1875; and, come what may, Spiritualism and the Spiritualists have no doubt or decision to relegate to existing intellectual encounters of Materialism and the Materialists—which latter derive more piquancy than dignity from the *soupçon* of personality now added to their bellicose arguments. If we could be sure of starting with scientific materials of precisely the same molecular composition, why might we not be able to procure definite kinds of organisms, just as certainly as we now produce different kinds of crystals? Here is the sole problem! Ascertain experimentally, and with philosophic observation, what combination of spiritual and physical influences is most potential to bring about the actual transition, from not living to living modes of being in Atomic Dynamics. For myself, I hold that those minute organisms which have been found, after careful experiments, to withstand the boiling temperature, from time to time, “must” *fairly* have been produced by Abiogenesis,—in form of living matter from not living matter, rather than from Biogenesis, or the agency of pre-existing germs, having definite shape and independent parentage.

The first step to this sort of scientific Parnassus, of course, is the adoption of some adequate experimental apparatus, that shall *deprive* atmospheric air of the germs it contains, either by passing slowly (during four hours) a gallon of gaseous matter, first through a tube 2 feet in length, filled with cotton wool, and then through another tube, 6 inches long, filled with small fragments of pumice-stone, heated to redness; or air may be passed through the same length of cotton wool, and then through 18 inches of red hot pumice stone. The two bulks of air thus purified are made to bubble slowly into the purest of known water—deprived utterly of all forms or kinds of life, whether called animal or vegetable, conventionally. Again and again, are found in a drop of each fluid, when examined under a microscope of 800 diameters, Microzymes and Vibrios, in short, undoubted life from seeming death! Moreover, it is far from impossible that the opponents of this recent science of life may yet acknowledge, that the small moving masses of Protoplasm, found occasionally in experimental vessels, may have resisted the boiling temperature, and escaped scathless. In any event, the most important facts and phenomena of Celestial and Atomic Dynamics, in relation to the *continuity* of

existence, are demonstrable in Spiritualism. The catholic-minded truthseeker in Science or Ethics is in no wise disconcerted in spirituality of soul, whether recent Philosophy of Life, in the majesty and grandeur of its formative scheme of Nature, testify to an evolutionary method of production, or to a series of creative acts from generation to generation. No Spiritualist, I hope, would venture to state that God the Spirit did *not* make the conditions, neither did He ordain the relations of Penicillium, Torula, Bacterium, or the mind and matter of all things visible and invisible, from the angels of heaven to monads on earth, since to generalise thus were, indeed, a too notable instance of "intellectual pemmican," the battle of the Biologists only tending to show that Deity does not always employ the same *modus operandi* in the production of soul, body, or spirit. If scientific teaching of the processes of life, in physical organisation, is to be unphilosophically divorced from scientific experience, and practical observation of OBJECTIVE SPIRITUAL REALITIES, in this our day, such professors of problematical matter might do worse than refresh their exclusive memories with choice sentences, of wiser and better spirits, from the Brutus of Cicero, the Agricola of Tacitus (his obituary of the former emphatically), the Republic of Plato, or the conclusion of the Ajax of Sophocles—*thoroughly!* Scientific instruction and literary culture will, in future, I trust, join heart to intellect, as veritable gymnastics of each true catholic soul. Let them be combined evermore in natural harmony, neither depreciating the one, nor upholding the other—as engines of mental tyranny over each student. In the language of *our* beautiful and appropriate motto of L'ACCADEMIA TIBERINA, be it rather said

Alterius sic

Altera sic poscit opem vis, et conjurat amice.

Even if the law of continuity of existence, from matter to spirit, should eventually prove to be a materialistic sort of Vital Force, or an eternal, indescribable, immeasurable, self-originating Nature, with elemental combinations of organic and inorganic, mortal and immortal—*ad infinitum*—the Spiritualist has yet put his foot upon the bottom round of the ladder, wherewithal to ascend in mental subjective conception of everlasting objective realities, and the blessed life of the spirit in the vocation of all men, is still the religion of being good and doing good.

What, then, is the intelligent reader of the *Spiritual Magazine* to remember, as recent Science of Life—especially? That spontaneous generation is a *necessary* part of the scientific doctrine called Evolution, and that the whole world of universal existence—living or not living—is the result of the MUTUAL interaction according to definite laws of spirit and matter;—in

other words, of certain natural forces possessed by molecules themselves—of which, in brief, the primitive nebulosity was likewise composed; and, to pass from the greatest heights to the lowest depths, the bottom of the sea is itself covered with deposits of GLOBIGERINA—that is, in our mother-tongue, material life, spiritually or psychically, engaged in the *chalk* formation! Recent philosophy of existence is a great homily from a text of Monads—a magnificent poem in prose, that needs the heart of a Jesus, the intellect of an Aristotle, and the music of Archangels, fully to realise, as a grand and gorgeous Oratorio;—solemn, sweet, sublime, withal, to attune each reverent soul now floating on the azure calm of true SPIRITUALITY, though only emerging from the dark and dismal surges of a troubled ocean, which still lifts a bosom of glory to the Sun of a brighter and better shore.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

REGULAR SUNDAY SERVICES IN LONDON BY DR. SEXTON.

THE following is from the *Christian Spiritualist*, and being of a character likely to interest our readers we reproduce it here. Any suggestions as to the best means of carrying out the scheme will be thankfully accepted.

A great many persons have written to us within the last few months asking why Dr. Sexton does not give lectures in London regularly every Sunday. They point to the fact that for nearly 30 years he has been before the world as a public speaker, and that during the greater part of that time, he has had Sabbath-day audiences to address, and that the number of persons who have flocked to hear him has always been very large. His connection with Spiritualism they remark, instead of increasing his usefulness, appears to have driven him to a great extent from the Sabbath-day platform, since it is but seldom indeed now that his voice is heard in public on this the most appropriate of all days for moral and religious teaching. There is a great deal of truth in this latter observation, and no one regrets it more than Dr. Sexton himself. He always considered it a part of his duty while he was a Secularist to engage in the noble work of instruction on the Sunday, and now that he believes in God and immortality, and accepts the divine verities of Christianity, he feels more than ever that on the Sabbath his place is on the public rostrum, where he can discourse to those who choose to listen to him on the great truths so dear to his heart. In the past his audiences have never been small, and he is confident that to-day they would be larger than ever. At the commencement of his public career, when he preached from the pulpit the strictest orthodoxy, and the most evangelical of sentiments, he soon won a considerable amount of popularity. When at a later period of his life he became the exponent of what were termed rationalistic views, he still had a large following. And since he has appeared on the Spiritual platform, he has had no cause to complain of the numbers who have assembled to hear him whenever he has given public discourses on the Sabbath. In the summer of 1873, soon after he avowed his conversion to Spiritualism, Mr. Burns engaged him to deliver orations on Sundays at the Cavendish Rooms. The result is known to our readers. The audiences were always large during

the very hottest weather, and they continued so up to the time that he discontinued his ministration in the autumn to make way for Mrs. Tappan. Since that time he has only appeared occasionally at intervals, but always with the most satisfactory results.

There is evidently in London a general wish that Dr. Sexton should have a place in which he could deliver discourses every Sunday, and this wish has been expressed again and again, both from the platform and through the press. Recently it has taken the shape --and very naturally--of letters to us. Dr. Sexton, therefore, takes this opportunity of saying that not only is he quite agreeable to the scheme proposed, but that he is most anxious that it should be carried out. He will be glad if a few friends will meet and organise some definite plan for future action, and he will use his own energies to assist in every way in his power. He sees no reason why a commodious hall could not be secured in some central part of London and made self-supporting. Properly managed he is quite certain that large audiences could be got together every Sabbath-day, and subscriptions obtained that would more than pay the expenses incurred. Information regarding any hall that may be to let, propositions or suggestions as to the best means of carrying out the scheme, or subscriptions to aid the work, will be gratefully received. What is done should be done without delay.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. WALLACE, THE MISSIONARY MEDIUM.

A few of the friends of Mr. Wallace are engaged at the present time in getting him up a Testimonial for his long and valuable services in connection with the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. Wallace has been a hard worker in the movement for many years, and is, we believe, at the present time in enfeebled health and embarrassed circumstances. We trust, therefore, that the amount subscribed may be worthy of his acceptance. Any of our readers wishing to aid in this work may forward their subscriptions to the Editor of this Magazine.

SCIENCE SCOURGED.

The following luminous passage is translated from *De Lamennais: Ess. sur l'Indifference*, iv., 458. It is an admirable specimen of scornful epigrammatic and ironical reasoning:—

How ingenious and profound are the elucidations of Science! How do events which appear extraordinary become simple directly she condescends to explain them! You cannot understand how Christianity can have spread naturally? She will show you. The Apostles said, "We declare to you the Gospel in the name of the Almighty, and you must believe because we are endowed with miraculous powers. We restore the sick to health, and the lame to the use of their limbs; the blind recover sight, the deaf hear, and the dead return to life." At this news, the people flock from all quarters to witness the miracles promised with so much confidence and authority. The sick are not cured, the lame do not walk, the blind do not see, the deaf do not hear, and the dead are not raised. Whereupon, transported with admiration, the people fall at the feet of the Apostles and exclaim, "These men are manifestly the messengers of God—the ministers of his power!" and immediately breaking their idols, they abandon the pursuit of pleasure for the worship of the Saviour; they renounce their old habits, their prejudices, their passions; they reform their lives and grasp at repentance; the rich sell their goods and distribute the proceeds among the poor; and all prefer the most horrible tortures and most infamous death to the remorse of abandoning a religion which had been so conclusively and substantially demonstrated.

THE SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT IN THE "WAVERLEY NOVELS."

The Rev. John Pickford, M.A., draws attention, in the *Notes and Queries*, to a circumstance of considerable interest to Spiritualists, in connection with Sir Walter Scott's novels. He points out that among the large number of criticisms of these works that have appeared at different times, no person has as yet devoted any attention to the supernatural element which they contain, and that in the admirable life of Sir Walter Scott, by Lockhart, this subject is not even ventilated. He then proceeds to mention several instances in the *Waverley Novels*, in which superhuman beings and powers are described. He remarks:—

In *Waverley* there is the account of the apparition of the Bodach Glás, or Grey Spirit, warning Fergus Mc Ivor (Vich Ian Vohr), of his approaching doom. In *Guy Mannering*, the casting of the horoscope of the youthful heir of the Bertrams and its singular fulfilment. To go on to *The Antiquary*—perhaps one of the best of the novels—in it is found the account of the haunted room at Monkbarns, in which Lovel passes so perturbed a night when the guest of Jonathan Oldbuck; and then the marvellous story of Martin Waldeck, read by Miss Wardour at the ruins of St. Ruth. As to *The Bride of Lammermoor*, one of the most dramatic of the stories, and in which the interest from the first page to the last is most admirably sustained, there are in it the obscure prophecy concerning the last Lord of Ravenswood stabling his steed in the Kelpie's flow, and the mysterious appearance of the figure supposed to be that of Blind Alice, to the Master of Ravenswood at the Mermaid's Fountain. In *The Legend of Montrose*, Angus Mc Aulay is a believer in second-sight. *The Monastery*, with the repeated apparitions of the White Lady of the House of Avenel, must always be freshly remembered. *The Pirate* introduces us to Norma of the Fitful Head, and *Peperil of the Peak* acquaints us with some Manx superstitions, as that of the Spectre Hound of the Isle of Man. To make rather a long leap; in *Redgauntlet* there is the marvellous story called 'Wandering Willie's Tale.' *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror* and *The Tapestry Chamber* are entirely supernatural. Many other instances might be easily quoted from the *Waverley Novels*, and also from the poetry of Scott and from his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, which would go to prove from indirect, yet strong internal evidence and testimony, that Sir Walter seemed to think with *Hamlet*:—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

SEANCE IN THE LIGHT, AT ENMORE PARK.

Mr. J. Enmore Jones sends us the following account of a *séance*, which he states was written by his daughter four years ago, when the sitting took place; but which got mislaid until he recently came across it amongst other MSS. He remarks that he remembers the *séance* distinctly, and that the narrative is accurate.

Yesterday (Sunday, July 3rd) a very good *séance* took place. Present Mr. Home, Mrs. Hennings, Mr. Jencken, Mr. Ford, Mr. Jones, his mother and three daughters, Emily, Alice, and Edith. The influence was soon felt very strongly, a cold current passing frequently over the hands, and one or two in the company feeling icy cold all over. The raps were frequent and varied.

It being the anniversary of Mr. Home's wife passing away, she principally manifested herself. A wreath of flowers had been made and placed on the table,

also a basketful of flowers was placed *under* the table, with an accordion. Soon the flowers were taken from the basket, and one given to each sitter; at the same time an appropriate message was given. At last the basket itself, containing the glass which had held the flowers, was given to Mr. Jones. The method of giving, consisted in tapping on the knee; and upon the hand being put down, the flower was placed into it. When one was given to me, as I held it, it was strongly pulled; as if to show the strength of the spirit. Mr. Home's hands were on the table the whole time.

Mr. Home then took the accordion in one hand, valve upwards, and Sacha spelt out, "I will now show you what you call *birth*." Previously we had said it was Sacha's *birthday* we were in reality keeping, *not* her *deathday*. Then occurred most wonderful phenomena. True music was given us—music that *spoke*. First came the sad wailing and agony of a spirit struggling to leave the body, amid the jars and discords of earth; but above and through all gradually arose the clear harmonious notes of the freed and joyous spirit, which swelled until it became a burst of song; then, intermingling with that, came the well-known airs, "Auld Lang Syne," and "Home Sweet Home," in which we all joined, the instrument gently falling into a seconds; and, when we had finished, played the air again with variations; evidently there were four hands on the instrument. Then an echo was given, at the wish of one of the sitters; the echo being so faint we could but just catch it; humanly speaking it would be an impossibility to reproduce it. This ended, the accordion was placed on the floor again, where it played without anyone touching it. Mrs. Jones' chair was moved towards the table, and during the *séance* a wreath was taken by spirit-hands off her head.

Presently, the wreath on the table was seen slowly to move towards Mr. Home, when it rose *over* his hands; some of those present seeing a phosphorescent light covering it. He then rose up, slowly leaving the table, with his hands outstretched; the wreath following, and rising until it rested on his head. This was most wonderful, as we *saw* the wreath suspended in the air. He was then floated a little space, being in a semi-trance. On seating himself, he said, "Oh, they are *so glad*, they have been able to do it; remember, the boys (Mr. Jones's spirit-sons), tied the knot, and mamma and Marion (spirit-wife and daughter), did the rest. You will understand what I mean afterwards. Break up now, Dan is getting exhausted. This is for you, John." We soon saw what was meant. My father had placed a gold medal of mamma's, together with a bead chain of my sister Marion's, and a photograph; on a chair some distance from the table. The wreath taken from Mrs. Jones's head had been plaited in with the chain, and a knot made at the end; this was twined round the photograph. Of course we were all much pleased. Altogether, the *séance* was a most remarkable one.

South Norwood, July 4th, 1870.

STRANGE DREAMS.

The Editor of the *Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph*, known as a very trustworthy man, related the following circumstance in his paper, a few weeks since:—

On Monday last we called on Mr. John Fitzgerald, the well-known temperance lecturer (living on Bank Street), who is confined to his bed, quite feeble, but still able to converse briefly with friends who call. At this interview he related to us a remarkable experience—for so we will call it—through which he passed on Saturday morning, 19th ult., the day upon which the fire occurred at Fall River, Mass. Mrs. Fitzgerald had arranged her husband for his morning nap, and left to enter the stable, at the rear of the house and attached thereto. Almost as soon as she had passed the building she heard the cry of "Fire!" in tones so startling that she rushed back to the house in the greatest alarm to hear her husband repeat the cry in tones as loud as the first—all the more startling to her as for several days he had not spoken above a whisper. He was

evidently greatly excited, catching at the bed-clothes and attempting to get out of bed, saying he must have his clothing. Mrs. Fitzgerald asked her husband, "What does this mean?" "Wife," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "there is a fire in a factory in Fall River,* Mass., in the upper story, the mule room; I see the sparks flying from the machinery as sparks fly from a grindstone when men are grinding their tools, and the factory is full of women and children. I see it all."

Mr. Fitzgerald remarked that his wife must tell us the rest, which she did substantially as follows, put in as brief a form as possible, as our only object is to make a plain recital of what we heard in the course of conversation:—Mrs. Fitzgerald then went on to remark that her husband all the time was endeavouring to get up from his bed to escape the fire, saying that it was near to him, and he must assist the poor people—close that door into the entry, an old sailor, he could rig a better ladder than that—splice this, splice that—don't jump from the windows (this expression oft-repeated), for it is only a choice of death between fire and being crushed upon the pavement—to the firemen, why do you do this, and why do you do that—see those poor women and little children filling the room, and yet the laws of Massachusetts forbid the employment in factories of children under a certain age. Mrs. Fitzgerald was alone with her husband, and exerted her utmost to keep him in bed. It seemed to her almost an age, but she took no note of the time. All at once Mr. Fitzgerald fell back on the pillow and said: "It is all over; the roof has fallen in, and those poor people are burned." After that he was completely prostrated; and Mrs. Fitzgerald for some time feared that he would not recover from the shock.

Mr. Fitzgerald said he never thought of looking at his watch, but that he saw the fire in the morning, somewhere from 7 to 9 o'clock. It was not until Monday that Mrs. Fitzgerald heard of the fire, and not until Tuesday, 22nd, that she got a paper containing an account of it. This she read to her husband. He several times stopped her, and told her what was to come in the newspaper account, as "he had seen it all." Subsequently, Mr. Fitzgerald reflected somewhat, and said: "I saw the fire but somehow I could not tell the building, and it must be a factory put up since I was acquainted with Fall River." He has often lectured there.

Above are the statements as given to us, and all we vouch for is a correct rendering of them. We offer no explanation of them, but it is due to Mr. Fitzgerald to say that he disavows all belief in spiritual manifestations, and finds it marvellously strange that such an experience should befall him. Mrs. Fitzgerald is equally decided in her belief, and remarked to us that the scene in that bed room had reality enough for her, without seeking an explanation of its strange features. Mrs. Fitzgerald, like her husband, lectures upon temperance, and both told us the story free from excitement, with an evident determination to avoid every expression that could impart to it a supernatural air. It was a plain recital of the events of the morning. To those who do not know the parties we have only to add that they are entitled to belief as speaking at least what they hold to be the truth.

Another very singular dream, of a similar character, is related in the *Boston Transcript*, in connection with the death of the late Bishop Lee, of Iowa. It is described in a private letter from Davenport as follows:—

We have been very anxious the last two weeks, over the illness of Bishop Lee, which terminated in his death on Saturday morning. The whole community are saddened by the event. Some two months ago he got up in the night and took a bath, and on returning to his room he made a mistake, and stepped off a long flight of stairs, and landed at the foot with a tremendous crash, as he was very heavy, weighing over two hundred pounds. It aroused the whole family, and Mrs. Lee and Carrie sprang from their beds, and lighting each a candle, went to see what had happened, and found the bishop lying on the floor

* The distance of this place from Brunswick is 200 miles.

of the entry. He got up, however, without aid, and seemed to have received no injury except a few slight bruises, though his right hand was a little lame.

Mr. H. and myself called on him two days after, and while telling us of the circumstances of the fall, he mentioned this coincidence. He had a letter in his hand, which he had just received from his son Henry, living at Kansas City.* His son wrote: "Are you well? for last night I had a dream that troubles me. I heard a crash, and standing up said to my wife, Did you hear that crash? I dreamed that father had a fall and was dead. I got up and looked at my watch, and it was two o'clock. I could not sleep again, so vivid was the dream." And it made him anxious to hear from home.

The bishop said he was not superstitious, but he thought it remarkable that Henry should have had the dream at the very hour of the same night that the accident occurred. The difference in the time there and here is just fifteen minutes, and it was a quarter past two by his watch, making it at the same moment. It was as if he had actually heard the fall. And the fall finally caused the bishop's death. His hand became intensely painful, and gangrene set in, which, after two weeks of suffering terminated his life. We are none of us Spiritualists, as you know, but surely facts like this must go far to make us realise that there is a basis of truth for their hypothesis of spiritual faculties resident in man. How did Henry Lee become cognisant of the accident to his father?

MEDIUMSHIP AMONGST EMINENT LITERARY MEN.

"That Sir Walter Scott was a medium for correct and effective spirit-impression, is evident from various incidents in his history. In his life, written by Lockhart, Mr. Mitchell, his former tutor, says of him: 'When in church Master Walter had more of a soporific tendency than the rest of my young charge. This seemed to be constitutional. He needed one or other of the family to arouse him, and from this it might be inferred that he would cut a poor figure on the Sabbath evening when examined about the sermons. But what excited the admiration of the family was, that none of the children, however wakeful, could answer as he did. The only way I could account for this was, that when he heard the text and divisions of the subject, his good sense, memory, and genius, supplied the thoughts which would occur to the preacher.'—Vol. I., p. 88.

"Here is a lad who slept during the sermons, and yet when examined upon them the succeeding evening, 'none of the children, however wakeful, could answer as he did.' It will hardly do to object to any of the marvels of Spiritualism and yet maintain that the lad could have thus slept through the sermons, and afterwards remember better than those who had not slept; and the explanation of the tutor that 'his good sense, memory, and genius, supplied the thoughts which would occur to the preacher,' is on a par with most of the scientific explanations which would be offered to solve the problem. The tutor had forgotten that it is an impossibility for the sense, memory, and genius of any two persons, separate and apart, to originate the

* Kansas City is about 300 miles from Iowa.

same thoughts and make the same deductions from the same texts and divisions of any subject.

"If mediumship is true, then we can explain the situation by assuming that some spirit who took an interest in the sermon was present, and that at night, at the examinations, he impressed the young medium's mind with the answers. . . .

"Of all the works of this author, his biographer, Lockhart, considers the *Bride of Lamnermoor* as the most pure and powerful; and of this he quotes James Ballantyne, Scott's printer, as saying: 'The book was not only written, but published before Mr. Scott was able to rise from his bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands, in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained. He did not desire me to understand; nor did I understand—that his illness had erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood. These remained rooted where they had ever been; or to speak more explicitly, he remembered the general facts; of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the rival lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride upon the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole.

"All these things he recollected just as he did before he took to his bed, but *he literally recollected nothing else: not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor nothing with which he was connected as the writer of the work.*

"'For a long time,' he said, 'I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and fantastic. However I recollected that you had been the printer, and I felt sure that you would not have permitted anything of this sort to pass.' 'Well,' I said, 'upon the whole how did you like it?' 'Why,' he said, 'as a whole I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent.' I believe you will agree with me in thinking that the history of the human mind contains nothing more wonderful." Vol. II., p. 199.

"It would seem that he remembered the general facts which he had gathered and upon which the story was founded; all that belonged to his proper knowledge and memory; but 'not a single character woven by the romancer, not one of the many scenes and points of humour; nor anything with which he was connected as the writer of the work.' This is precisely what happens to many other mediums when they are used as instruments by higher powers.

"This instance is nearly paralleled by the experience of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, who says in relation to her celebrated work *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 'that she did not write it: it was given to her: it passed before her. She but told what she saw, and long before her millions of readers came to weep over the death-bed of little Eva, she herself, lamenting that the fair child must die, had to deny the entreaties of her own weeping children who read the tale from week to week, that Eva might get well. Eva died. She had to tell it as it came to her, and suffered in so doing.'

"Charles Dickens possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the personal peculiarities that most mediums possess in a less degree. His conduct and habits were enigmas to his friends. He often acted as if possessing no solid mind of his own. Mr. Forster, his biographer, says of him: 'He did even his nothings in a strenuous way. One day he was wet through, and dressed four times; another he walked 18 miles in four and a half hours, in a broiling sun.' And many other singular actions are related. Again, Mr. Forster says, 'that he was often vulgar in manners and dress, and often overbearing; that he was ill at ease in his intercourse with gentlemen; that he preferred being a king in very low company. . . . All these are truths.'

"I do not notice these peculiarities as proofs of mediumship, but simply to show that they are characteristic of an impressible negative nature, such as good mediums nearly always possess.

"Mr. G. H. Lewis, in an article written by him and published in the *Fortnightly Review*, says: 'Dickens once declared to me that every word he said by his characters *was distinctly heard by him*.' And again, Mr. Lewis says, 'Here is another contribution to the subject of dreams, which I had from Dickens shortly before his death. One night, after one of his public readings, he dreamt that he was in a room where every one was dressed in scarlet. He stumbled against a lady with her back towards him. As he apologized she turned her head, and said quite unprovoked, 'My name is Napier.' The face was one perfectly unknown to him, nor did he know any one named Napier. Two days after he had another reading in the same town, and before it began a lady friend came into the waiting room accompanied by an unknown lady in a scarlet opera cloak, 'who,' said his friend, 'is very desirous of being introduced.' 'Not Miss Napier,' he jokingly inquired. 'Yes, Miss Napier.'

"It would seem that Dickens was not only an impressional medium, but from what Mr. Lewis says, he was also clairaudient when awake and clairvoyant in his dreams.

"Mr. James T. Fields also bore testimony to the medium-

ship of Mr. Dickens in his lectures on 'Fiction and its Ancient Authors.' He then said, 'Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing, that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone for a moment. He told me that when he was writing the *Old Curiosity Shop*, the creatures of his imagination so haunted him, that they would neither allow him to sleep or eat in peace; that little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to any one else. When he was writing *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter, by whispering to him in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called!

"Dickens was here either hallucinated or the veritable spirits of these characters made themselves manifest to him; or other spirits who personated these did so; and as no one has ever charged him with being subject to hallucinations, either in this or any other instance,—and as we know that in thousands of instances of persons now living, they have seen and heard spirits,—we claim that the actual presence of spirits, and of their manifestation to him, is the only reasonable conclusion to which we can come in the consideration of his case.

"The same gentleman, Mr. Fields, in his work entitled *Memories of Many Men*, relates a conversation he had with Mr. Thackeray, from which we extract the following: 'I then remarked to him that he must have known intimately many French families of the best class; that his French characters were more accurately and delicately drawn than those of any other English writer whom I had ever read; and to this opinion I still adhere. *He assured me that on the contrary, he had never in his life been intimate in a single French family.* This is very surprising; for he has exhibited in his books the most profound knowledge of the nature of the French, as well as of their manners; and he has described the former, and depicted the latter, with the most wonderful skill and without any false deductions or tendency to caricature.'

"It may well surprise Mr. Fields, as well as his readers; and it is wholly inexplicable, unless we assume that the spirit of a Frenchman impressed Mr. Thackeray's mind while writing the works; and then all difficulty in explaining disappears."—*The Identity of Primitive Christianity or Modern Spiritualism*, by EUGENE CROMWELL, M.D.

SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.—THE DAY OF PENTECOST AND THE GIFT OF TONGUES.*.

BY THOMAS BREVIOR.

THERE is, perhaps, no incident in the New Testament narratives which has been the subject of more various readings, than that of the gift of tongues, as set forth in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The nature and continuation of this gift, and its connection with the work of the Apostles, and its relation to the primitive church and the first diffusion of the Christian faith, is one of the standing controversies of Christendom, and which, after all these centuries, still remains unsettled. The facts read so strange to us by the light of common experience, and are so out of harmony with the temper of mind, and what is called "the spirit of the nineteenth century," that it need excite little surprise that while the ordinary British Christian is generally content to accept what he finds here written as a matter of faith—a miracle which does not require, perhaps does not admit, further intelligible explanation, the rationalist critic either dismisses the story as incredible, perhaps one of the many myths of the first century, or whittles it down to some very nearly common-place affair, swollen by exaggeration and tradition to the proportions of the miraculous. Some, to escape the difficulties which the several theories of explanation present, cut the Gordian knot by assuming that the account is only a boldly figurative statement of the spiritual truth that a Holy Spirit—a Divine power was present, resting on the Apostles, enabling them to preach the Gospel in that common native language of the heart, understood by all men as their mother tongue, underlying all diversities of speech. Symbolical, no doubt it was, but the spiritual truth, I think it evident was made more impressive by expression in literal external fact, whatever that may have been, and it is also evident that the gift of tongues then conferred on the Apostles was not peculiar to them, but became as familiar to the primitive church as the speaking of mediums under spiritual influence, and as the spirit gives them utterance, is among Spiritualists in our own day.

Amid these different interpretations and conflicting views, Mr. Young supports that moderate middle course now generally adopted by liberal theologians. His objections to the vulgar

* *The Day of Pentecost and its Phenomena: a Sermon-Lecture*, delivered in Goswell Hall, Goswell Road, London, on the evening of Whit-Sunday, May 24th, 1874, by FREDERIC ROWLAND YOUNG, Minister of the Free Christian Church, New Swindon. London: E. W. ALLEN, 11, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.

notion that the Apostles had the power of speaking in foreign languages, supernaturally imparted to them as a permanent endowment to enable them to preach the Gospel in the native tongue of every people to whom they went are powerful, and I think conclusive. This conclusion, however, is not incompatible with the view that this power may have been conferred upon them occasionally and temporarily as the spirit gave them utterance; and the language of the text seems to imply as its most obvious meaning that this was so on the day of Pentecost. But whether we are to accept the narrative of this great event as authentic history, or as legendary with some unascertainable truth at the kernel of it, as Mr. Young inclines to think, I leave to more competent critics to determine. After examining the references to the gift of tongues in other parts of the New Testament, Mr. Young says:—

And now if you ask me what, judging from the Apostles' several statements, I conceive the gift of tongues to have been, I should say that when these Corinthian converts were suddenly possessed by new and very powerful thoughts and feelings, they would each one, and in accordance with their individual temperaments, give expression to those new thoughts and feelings in words and sounds that would be largely unintelligible to the listeners, and not at all intelligible except to those who were in some degree of sympathy with them. . . . I believe that the gift of tongues referred to by the Apostle Paul, was an irregular, and to some extent, unintelligible expression of new thoughts and feelings, by persons suddenly and powerfully affected, and that these thoughts and feelings were chiefly of a devotional kind; because, if you will read what the Apostle says, you will find him referring largely to singing, to praise, to prayer, and to just those expressions of our inner life which may be characterised as expressions of the religious and emotional, rather than the purely intellectual powers of our nature.

In support of this view, he quotes the following passage from one of F. W. Robertson's *Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians*:—

Collecting the information scattered through the chapter respecting tongues, we found that while under their influence men spoke incoherently and unintelligibly, in soliloquy edifying self, they are compared with the sound of inarticulate musical instruments, to barbarian tongues, to ravings of insanity (and) as capable of interpretation by persons spiritually gifted in spite of their incoherency and inarticulateness. Putting all this together we concluded that new intense feelings from the Holy Ghost were uttered incoherently, not in some foreign language, but in each man's own language, in broken sentences which were unintelligible to all, except to those who, by sympathy and a corresponding spiritual state, were able to interpret, and say whether they expressed unutterable joy or blessing, or giving thanks, or devotion.

In short, according to this view the gift of tongues would only be something similar in kind to what may be sometimes witnessed at religious revival meetings when, under the influence of newly awakened and intense thought and feeling, men and women give vent to their powerful emotions in sighs, groans, ejaculations, and sudden bursts of fervid prayer or praise, with

irrepressible, broken and inarticulate utterance, intelligible only by sympathy to those who are or have been in like condition. Although this view is urged with much ingenuity and force, and is probably not without some degree of truth, I confess it does not appear to me a complete or adequate explanation of the subject. To enter fully into all the points involved (even were I competent) would require ampler space than is at my disposal. I may, however, say that in my judgment the true solution of the problem lies chiefly not in the collation and careful consideration of the several passages referring to it (as is done in this sermon lecture), nor in bringing the highest scholarship to bear on the grammatical construction of the text (a task well performed by theologians in England and Germany), but rather in the study and comparison with these experiences of the early church of like experiences in certain branches of the Christian Church in recent times, and in connection with like phases of spiritual mediumship in our own day, and open to present investigation; and in this case we should be only following the apostolic injunction to "compare spiritual things with spiritual."

For it should be observed, there is nothing in these phenomena of the first century which in kind, though varying in degree, has not its counterpart in those of the nineteenth century. The mystic wind, the luminous appearances, the spirit descending into the little circle of friends, and resting on various of its members, imparting to one the gift of healing, to another the discerning of spirits, to a third, the gift of tongues; these are among the recognised phenomena of the spirit-circle, attested by intelligent and independent witnesses in all parts of the civilized world, and they have not ceased from among us. And of these varied "gifts," or "manifestations," that of speaking under an *ab extra* spiritual influence is one of the most frequent, showing itself in divers ways. Sometimes, like Balaam, the medium is entranced, having the eyes open; at other times they are closed while the organs of speech are used by a foreign power, the medium being unconscious of what is said; again, at other times, the medium is conscious of what is being spoken, but is conscious also that his speech comes unbidden, and independently of his own power, volition or control. Sometimes the spirit seems to wrestle and strive for utterance, and can only find expression in short broken sentences or inarticulate cries; one medium will speak under spiritual influence in consecutive discourse, with a force and fervour of eloquence, and a choice of language of which in his normal state he is incapable. This in olden times was called "the gift of prophecy." Another medium will be controlled to speak in foreign languages with

which he is wholly unacquainted; or again, in an unknown tongue, professing to be a language of the spirit-world. The communication is sometimes interpreted, either through the same medium or another. The members of the Catholic Apostolic Church affirm that the unknown tongues, more especially associated with the preaching of Edward Irving, were chiefly of this last kind; that they were no incoherent raving or mere gibberish, but a veritable spirit-language. The revival of this and other spiritual gifts in the church of which Irving was pastor had been immediately preceded by their advent in Port Glasgow; and one of the elders of his church, a shrewd man of business, went there to investigate and report upon the matter. He spent three weeks in constant intercourse with these "gifted persons," as they were then called, and made the fullest possible inquiry and investigation into all the circumstances of the case. In his letter to the *Morning Watch* he tells us:—

During our stay, four individuals received the gift of tongues; of these, two, Mr. and Mrs. M'D., had repeatedly spoken in the spirit previously to their receiving the gift of tongues. The tongues spoken by all the several persons, in number nine, who had received the gift are perfectly distinct in themselves and from each other. J. M'D., speaks two tongues, both easily discernible from each other. I easily perceived when he was speaking in the one, and when in the other tongue. J. M'D. exercises his gift more frequently than any of the others; and I heard him speak for twenty minutes together, with all the energy of voice and action of an orator addressing an audience. . . . The voices we heard were, in connection with each other, euphonious; many of them evidently inflected: and they conveyed the impression of being well formed and cadenced languages.

Mr. Irving communicated to *Fraser's Magazine* a lengthened narrative of what had occurred, more especially in his own Church, and he remarks of the unknown tongue "So far from being unmeaning gibberish, it is regularly formed, well pronounced, deeply felt discourse, which evidently wanteth only the ear of him whose native tongue it is to make it a very masterpiece of powerful speech." As in the Primitive Church to one was given the unknown tongue, to another the gift of its interpretation, so it was in these later experiences:—

As the speaker spake the unknown words, the meaning thereof rose upon the interpreter's heart, and the proper native words came upon his lips. But he was all the while as ignorant of the foreign words as the utterers and the hearers of them. It was a spiritual gift, and not an act of translation from one tongue into another. . . . These two collateral and co-efficient gifts, thus exercised, are profitable for bringing messages direct from the spirit, without any possibility of being curtailed or exaggerated in the utterance of them; for he speaking in a tongue knoweth not a word he speaketh, and he interpreting knoweth not what is to follow, and being taken together, they form an entire check.

That which was spoken in the unknown tongue, however, was not a tenth or twentieth part of "the utterance in power." The rest being in English, for the general edification of the

congregation; while the former Irving considered as "the sign of the presence and operating energy of the Holy Spirit," and designed chiefly for the edification of the speaker. In discussing the question of its usefulness, he remarks:—

Useful, brother?—It is most useful for thee, in order to get the better of thine unbelief and irreverence—to abate thy trust in thy understanding, by showing thee a thing which it cannot enter into—to make thee feel and acknowledge a present God speaking by His Spirit—to make sure unto thee the union of Christ with His people, speaking in them and by them, not as empty instruments, but as conscious spiritual creatures. Ah me! it is the standing symbol of the "communion of the saints and of their fellowship with the Father and the Son," not by means of intelligence, but by means of the Holy Ghost.*

Have we not, then, here, in this century, all the characteristic features of the outpouring on the Day of Pentecost, and of the gift of tongues? That with Christ's immediate followers this gift and its accompanying signs were manifested in greater power, and with corresponding effect, was quite natural;—just what all who know anything of spiritual communion and manifestation would, under the circumstances, expect. The Apostles were full of the strength and fervour of their new grand faith, glowing with new living interest from recent converse with their risen Lord, inspired with their great mission, and assembled with one accord in one place, waiting in earnest expectation of the fulfilment of his promise that they should be endued with power from on high. Should like conditions ever recur, like effects may be anticipated. If there was an actual descent of the Holy Spirit or Divine influence, an outpouring from on high, manifested by visible signs, resting on the Apostles, enduing them with new powers, and which by the laying on of hands they could transmit to certain others (a gift which modern experience confirms), we have, I think, a key to the mystery we have been considering. And if our brief summary and comparison of these earlier facts with others of a kindred nature in later times should lead us to conclude that, as with spiritual gifts in general, so with this we have been considering, there are "diversities of operation;" that with unity in principle there is complexity of development; that its manifestations are multi-form and varied, so that while there is a generic resemblance in this gift of tongues wherever and in whomsoever manifested, each instance has its own separate individuality;—if these points are made clear, or can be established, I think we come still nearer to, if we do not actually reach, a complete solution of the problem which has occupied us.

* I have quoted at large from Irving's narrative in *Fraser's Magazine*, and have given Mr. Cardale's letter in the *Morning Watch* in full in the *Two Worlds*, to which I must refer the reader for a fuller exposition of the subject.

Of one thing I feel sure: that the Scriptures, and especially their relations of the supernatural, will never be fully or properly understood so long as we sever them from all connection with similar relations and experiences of men in other times, and especially in our own. If they are incredible *now*, they cannot become more credible by distance and lapse of time, and by being out of harmony with all other human experience. The principles of the Divine government and the laws of human nature and of spiritual intercommunion cannot be dependent on considerations of chronology and geography. They must be the same in the nineteenth century as in the first; in England as in Palestine. Wherever there is aspiration of soul and purity of heart *there* are all Divine possibilities; *there* is the Holy Land; *there* in very truth is none other than the house of God and the very gate of Heaven.

Notices of New Books.

HEREDITY AND HYBRIDISM.*

THIS small volume from the pen of Serjeant Cox, is devoted to the discussion of a most important question, which naturally arose in the course of his investigations into the subjects treated of in his larger work, *What am I?*—issued about two years since. We scarcely think that the learned Serjeant has brought to bear upon this difficult question as much scientific knowledge as would be required to discuss the subject satisfactorily; at the same time his remarks are worthy of consideration. Very much light has been thrown on the subject of Embryology within the last few years, and the part played respectively by the germ-cell and the sperm-cell in reproduction is tolerably well known. The researches of Dr. Martin Barry laid the foundation for a most complete knowledge of this subject, and since his time many eminent physiologists have pursued their studies in the same direction. The questions of heredity and hybridism have been almost exhaustively dealt with by Mr. Darwin and his followers. We cannot say that we think Serjeant Cox's book is calculated to throw any great amount of light on the subjects discussed in its pages; at the same time,

* *Heredity and Hybridism. A Suggestion.* By EDWARD W. COX, S.L.
London: LONGMAN & CO.

the theory which he has hazarded he has put forth modestly, and stated that he only offers it as "a suggestion." The work is popularly written and will repay perusal.

REST FOR THE WEARY.*

THIS is one of the most charming little books that has issued from Mr. Nicholson's pen, which is saying a great deal, as those persons will know who are acquainted with his previous writings. James Nicholson is certainly one of Scotland's greatest living poets. True genius pervades his writings, and there is in them that which is higher than all, a lofty moral tone. His utterances are of the most earnest kind, and as such are likely to be productive of a vast amount of good, whilst the charm with which he has surrounded the life-like portraits in his pages must ultimately bring him both fame and immortality. *Rest for the Weary* is published at the low price of sixpence, and therefore ought to be circulated by tens of thousands.

Correspondence.

PUBLIC MEDIUMS AND THEIR CIRCLES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—In a letter from Miss Kislingbury, which you published in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January, that lady makes the following statement:—"It comes constantly within my experience, as doubtless within your own, that persons interested in Spiritualism, who would gladly make further inquiry into the subject, are deterred from doing so on learning that the *only séances* to which they can have access are held by public mediums in their *own* rooms and under their *own* conditions." I answer this assertion at once by simply stating that it has no foundation in fact. I have had a large experience with mediums; for years I have held *séances*; and for many months I conducted public *séances* at 15, Southampton Row. I have received nearly all the public as well as the private mediums at my house. I have had Mrs. M. Marshall, the queen of mediums, Miss Price (now Mrs. Perren), Miss Nichol (now Mrs. Guppy), Mrs. Everett, Mr. F. Herne, Mr. Williams, Miss Cook, Miss Kate Fox, and others that I have developed. I have sat at hundreds of *séances*, but never, during the whole time, have I met with a medium who has asked for conditions. I have acted exactly as I liked; I have placed them in any room, or in any part of a room that I had arranged. I have had the room locked, with the key in my possession, until the company invited have arrived. The mediums have not seen or known the room where the *séance* would be held. At one time I was trying the experiment of the cabinet—having been the first to introduce it after the Davenports left England. I had it made of iron, with bars in front—

* *Rest for the Weary, or Mary's wa' gaun*; by JAMES NICHOLSON. Glasgow: JAMES MC GEACHY, 89, Union Street. London: *Christian Spiritualist Office*, 75, Fleet Street, E.C.

in fact a cage. This the mediums knew nothing of until they entered the room where it was. They certainly did not like it, but consented to take their places in it, as I had gone to the trouble and expense of having it made; and, after they had been locked in by my servant, in the presence of some of the party, who examined the lock, the key was handed to me, and in less time than I am writing the account, both the mediums, Mr. F. Herne and Mr. Williams, were thrown out at my feet, I sitting in the circle, certainly six feet from the gate of the cabinet; and, when it was examined by the same party who had previously examined it, the lock was found exactly as left, and the key had to be used to open the gate. This account appeared in the *Medium* at the time. Here were no previously made conditions by the mediums.

All the scientific and literary men who have now come forward publicly as investigators, have, from time to time, been present at my *séances*; and I am sure they will corroborate what I say—that mediums, as a rule, do not make conditions; otherwise, it at once levels them to the present day conjurors, which all true Spiritualists carefully avoid doing. I have no doubt—in fact, I am sure—Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, when they performed before Royalty, some days since, took their apparatus with them, and made their own conditions; they cannot do without that which a medium can; and now, if Royalty would command one of our best physical mediums to appear at Sandringham, having seen what Maskelyne and Cook require, they would at once put the matter at rest, by proving that there can be no comparison between the spiritual medium and the non-spiritual conjuror. As to the charge of mediums holding *séances* at their own rooms, where else can they hold them? Unless, like myself, others will invite them to their houses, and pay them their fees. I am quite sure all the public mediums that I know will be very happy to visit any house where they are invited, but they must be paid. Their time is of too much importance to be frittered or given away.

I am quite astonished that the British National Association have allowed their Secretary to make such statements—unsubstantiated, as they must be. I know little of Miss Kislingbury, further than having met her twice at public *séances*, and receiving from her an invitation to a seat on the Council of the British National Association—which honour I declined. I cannot say what experience she has had; but, during all the private *séances* I have held or been present at, I have never met her; and I cannot help saying that I think it a great mistake that any, more particularly those who profess to be Spiritualists, should attempt to defame the character of mediums, who have quite enough to contend with among the sceptics. I am under far too great an obligation to mediums to hear them spoken or written against, without coming forward as their champion. It is through them and their God's gifts that I have been made a far happier woman than I could ever have been without them; and, as I have experience and truth to support me, I stand in no fear of contradiction.

Yours faithfully,

CATHERINE BERRY.

MIRACLES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I hope Mr. Atkinson will not think me wanting in courtesy if I express the opinion that he has placed himself in an unsatisfactory and unfortunate dilemma. He has got hold of Spiritualism as a "tremendous fact;" but having secured his "fact," he appears unable to utilise it for any special purpose. He has buried himself in the gloomy conclusion that "all we know is that we know nothing." Having hopelessly entombed himself in this "know-nothing" region, he voluntarily deprives himself of all power of intelligent action; for how in the name of philosophy can we act rightly unless we know rightly? It is simply a rhetorical rhapsody to say that "we know nothing:" the practical result of such a high-flown sentiment is to drift us into a mental bog and a sea of uncertainty.

Mr. Atkinson asks the question, "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" which I cannot help thinking is a lamentable mode of argumentative trifling. He might just as reasonably and appropriately inquire, "Is food digestion?" Although "Spiritualism," as a collection of facts, and as a record of certain so-called supernatural phenomena, is not a Religion, I do not see how any Religion can very well succeed in establishing and maintaining itself without Spiritualism; *i.e.*, if the office of Religion is to teach mankind how they can observe righteous terms with an Almighty and Personal Deity, and cultivate a knowledge of His Divine and redeeming government.

In my Essay on *Apparitions*, I endeavoured to show how Spiritualism and Religion were related; and as many of your readers have probably not seen my little book, perhaps you will permit me to briefly notice the views I expressed therein.

I maintain that Spiritualism *demonstrates* that human beings are surrounded, influenced and assisted in their conduct and behaviour, by good and evil spirits; and that these good or evil spirits are *polarised* to us in exact accordance with the good or evil quality of our own thoughts, disposition and character. Now, here arises the most important question we can ask ourselves; if we are evil, how can we become good, and thus invite the attraction and co-operation of good spirits, and secure the repulsion of evil ones? I know no other practical answer to my question but this, *viz.*, that in order to attain the desired result and advantage, we must obey the messages, the invitations, the warnings and the dictates of a Religion which has been revealed to us by miraculous agency and teaching.

If any one can give me a better solution of the difficulty with which good and evil have embarrassed mankind, I shall be very happy to accept it.

Here springs up another question—What are miracles? I think the best definition we can offer is, that they are "interferences with the known laws of nature by the intervention of some intelligent superhuman agency." "But," shouts the sceptic at the top of his voice, "How can I regulate my life by the known laws of nature, which I have taken so much pains to discover, if they are constantly liable to be superseded by miraculous interference?" I answer this cogent question by asking another. Has any one ever been more injured or baffled in his plans of life by the working of a miracle than by the ordinary operations of nature? If I am cured of a disease miraculously, are my relatives more embarrassed than they would be, if I were made whole, *secundum artem*, by the usual methods of the healing art? If I am killed by a miracle, am I any worse off than if I were killed by any of what are called the common accidents of life?

Finally, let us thoroughly understand and realise the idea that an unintelligible and unsolved wonder is not necessarily a miracle. I will not believe a wonder to be a miracle until it is demonstrated to be so. It must be amenable to proof, like any other phenomenon. I should not accept it as a miracle merely because it is alleged to be one.

Allow me to elucidate this point by an example of what I mean. If I laid this letter on my desk to-day at 12 o'clock, and it reached you, several miles off, at two minutes after 12; and if this fact were proved beyond the possibility of doubt, it would be wonderful, but not necessarily miraculous. Investigation might show that the letter was conveyed by a pneumatic tube, or some cunning electrical apparatus, or by a pigeon: but if certain examination clearly demonstrated that the letter was carried and delivered to you by my guardian angel, the incident would be, to all intents and purposes, a miracle and nothing else.

If Hume had studied miracles in this light, he would not have lost himself in a dense argumentative fog, and cited as miracles what were merely unexplained wonders. I must repeat, once and for all, that I cannot acknowledge any miracles until they are proved to be such; and fortunately, Spiritualism supplies us precisely with the required means and mode of demonstration "beyond the reach of cavil."

Yours,

Blackheath,

NEWTON CROSLAND.

3rd February, 1875.

ROMAN CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM.—AN "EXPOSTULATION."

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—I was very much surprised to see in your January number, and the first under your editorial supervision, an article of eighteen pages, devoted almost entirely to an attack upon the largest body of Christians in the world, and almost the only great body of Christian Spiritualists. Where is the justice, or even the policy, of this attack? Is it not enough that Prince Bismarck has, within the past year, prosecuted, fined, or imprisoned 1,700 Roman Catholic prelates and priests in Germany? Is it not enough that Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets are printed in half the languages of Europe? Have we not a *Newdegate* and a *Whalley* in Parliament, and a *Record* and a *Rock* in the press—that Mr. Howitt should go out of his way, and the *Spiritual Magazine* out of its way, to insult the religious convictions and feelings of far the largest body of Christians in the world?

I have a great respect for Mr. William Howitt and a warm personal regard for all the members of his family. I should be very sorry to hurt one of them; and I mean, therefore, to be very gentle in this "expostulation." But it seems a little hard to me, that one who has been derided for his credulity as a Spiritualist, should turn upon other Spiritualists more fiercely and bitterly, and say of them just what a large portion of the world says of your readers—that *they are all either knaves or fools*.

For eight hundred years our ancestors in these islands were Roman Catholics. They founded our great Universities, built our noble Cathedrals, founded most of the Public Schools and Hospitals. England is covered with the monuments of their genius and piety. Were they all knaves or fools? Missionaries from Rome converted all Europe to Christianity, and saved and organized its civilization. For ages the statesmen, the scholars, the architects, painters, poets, musicians,—the great, the noble, the benevolent,—the holy men and women, were Roman Catholics. Were they all either knaves or fools?

And the Roman Catholics of those "ages of faith" believed just what Roman Catholics now believe. They believed in spiritual manifestations: the lives of the saints, from the first century to this day, are full of them. They believed in miracles; not only those recorded in the Old and New Testament, but as of continual and frequent occurrence. They believed in "the communion of saints," and asked the aid of their prayers and ministrations. The Russo-Greek Church separated from the Roman Catholic in the eleventh century, but the reverence paid to the Virgin Mary and the saints is even more pronounced in the East than in the West—showing that there is no novelty in such practices.

I must beg leave to call your attention to a few of the expressions with which Mr. Howitt makes his onslaught upon his fellow-Christians and fellow-Spiritualists. Roman Catholics, he says, "had long shut up the Bible." Then, who had preserved it for fifteen centuries? Catholic worship he calls "mountain-bank ceremonies"—the worship for which was constructed all the great Cathedrals of Europe! And he, an Englishman, knowing the revenues of English Bishops, talks of the "insatiable avarice" of the scantily provided prelates and priests of all Roman Catholic countries. He insults six millions of his own countrymen, and many more millions of his fellow-subjects by such expressions as "the Papal hoax," "the great anti-Christ," "the rotten carcase of the Beast of the Seven Hills," "gross and rabid idolatry," "the most ancient and pernicious of superstitions," &c., &c.; and, at the end, quotes two absurd sentences from a forgery published in the *Times*, which any child, who had ever read a Catholic sixpenny Prayer Book or penny Catechism, would know was too silly a hoax for serious confutation.

And here crops out again the motive of all such attacks. It is that any one who pretends to believe such things *must* be *either* a knave or a fool. Well, which of the two was St. Bernard? Which of the two his biographer, the late Count Montalembert? Which of the two are Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman? Which, the long line of English Catholic saints, sages and heroes, whose names blazon the pages of England's history through so many centuries?

I make one more protest, though there is ground for many. Mr. Howitt is a Christian, and believing that Jesus was very God, and that the Virgin Mary was His mother—yet he can speak of her as “The so-called Holy Mother of God,” and say that He who made the law—“Honour thy father and mother”—“sharply snubbed” His mother at the marriage of Cana, and on another occasion treated her with rude neglect! I could understand Mr. Bradlaugh saying such things. The angel sent of God said, “Hail full of grace! the Lord is with thee.” The Bible of King James softens the “*gratia plena*” of St. Jerome into “highly favoured;” but even that is a respectful salutation. And Elizabeth, “filled with the Holy Ghost,” said, “Blessed art thou among women . . . and whence is this to me that the *Mother of my Lord* should come to me.” And Mary, in her inspired *magnificat*, said, “Behold, from henceforth ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED!” Here, in the 1st Chapter of St. Luke, in the English Bible, are the grounds of the reverence paid to the Virgin Mary in both the Roman and Greek Churches, and now by a growing section of the Church of England. They say; “Hail full of grace,” or “highly favoured” with the Angel Gabriel—they call her the “Mother of my Lord” or its equivalent, “Mother of God,” with Elizabeth, when filled with the Holy Ghost; and they fulfil the prophecy of Mary herself when they call her “blessed.” As servants of Christ they honour and love His mother. He committed her to the love of His Church when he said to the beloved disciple, “Behold thy Mother.” In her lifetime she sat in the midst of the Apostles, as on the day of Pentecost. Her picture is one of the earliest objects of Christian art, and is to be seen on the walls of the Catacombs of Rome, where it has been since they were the refuge of the Christians, and the burial place of the Martyrs, of the first three centuries.

When you have a few pages to spare me, I shall be glad to give you some account of “Spiritual Manifestations” to be found in the Lives of the Saints. All of these would fill many volumes; a few, I think, would interest many of your readers.

I have but one word more to add respecting this Bismarckian, or Gladstonian, or Whalleyan onslaught upon the larger portion of Christendom. It is this:—Not only are all Catholics Spiritualists, and therefore entitled to fair and decent treatment in a Spiritualist Magazine, but many Spiritualists, in England and America, have become Roman Catholics. Some remarkable mediums are among the number—one of the “Fox girls,” for example, and the daughter of the late Judge Edmonds. I am personally acquainted with many such. With what feelings do you imagine they will read Mr. Howitt’s eighteen pages in your January number?

Begging you to consider this question, I remain, with kindest regards to Mr. Howitt,

Faithfully yours,

Aldwyn Tower, Malvern,
Feb. 15th, 1875.

T. L. NICHOLS, M.D.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION.

To the Editor of the “Spiritual Magazine.”

SIR,—In reference to the observations of Mr. Atkinson on my article in your January number, I need only say that neither in that article nor anywhere else have I asserted that Spiritualism “constitutes a religion.” Indeed, if Mr. Atkinson will turn to my Essay—“What is Religion?” he will find that I have affirmed and argued the direct contrary. All that the article seeks to show is, (as its title implies), that Spiritualism is a “link” between religion and science; Mr. Atkinson’s remarks, it seems to me, confirm rather than controvert that position. I may add, that the furious opposition of Materialists and Secularists to Spiritualism, shows that they, too, recognise that it is this at least, if nothing more. For an exposition of my views on the relation of Spiritualism to Religion I must refer Mr. Atkinson and your readers to the Essay named.

THOMAS BREVIOR.